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Vol. I

John Thomas Stanley Esq.
of Alderley.

SECRET JOURNAL

OF

A Self-Observer;

OR,

CONFESSIONS AND FAMILIAR LETTERS

OF THE

Rev. J. C. LAVATER,

AUTHOR OF THE

ESSAYS ON PHYSIOGNOMY; THE APHORISMS ON MAN, VIEWS OF ETERNITY, &c. &c. &c.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN ORIGINAL,

By the Rev. PETER WILL,

MINISTER OF THE REFORMED GERMAN CHAPEL IN THE SAVOY.

VOL. I.

The large Indictment ſtands before my View,
Drawn forth by Conſcience, moſt amazing true;
And fill'd with Secrets hid from human Eye,
When, fooliſh Man! thy God ſtood witneſs by.
Then, oh, thou Majeſty divinely great,
Accept the ſad Confeſſions I repeat;
For thine's the contrite Spirit, thine's an Heart
Oppreſſed with Sorrow, broke with inward Smart;
That at thy Foot-ſtool in Confeſſion ſhows
How well its faults, how well the Judge it knows.

PARNELL.

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PREFACE

OF THE

EDITOR.

SENTIMENTAL works and books which tend to promote the knowledge of the human heart, being, at preſent, read with ſo much avidity, the ſubſequent Journal may hope to be not entirely unacceptable to many a feeling and ſenſible heart.

Thus much, at leaſt, is certain, and it has frequently been repeated by keen-ſighted obſervers, that a faithful and circumſtantial moral hiſtory of the moſt common and unromantic character is infinitely more important, and fitter for improving the human heart, than the moſt extraordinary and intereſting Novel. The number of thoſe that may expect to derive a real and laſting moral benefit from

the former, are as thouſand to one, if compared with thoſe that, perhaps, may reap the ſame advantage from the latter. Few only are called to become heroes on the public *ſtage* of the world; but all, without exception, are deſtinated to become heroes in *domeſtic* virtue.

It ought to be entirely indifferent to the reader by what accident the following ſheets are come in my poſſeſſion. Suffice it to ſay, that they are the real and genuine Journal of a man, whoſe firſt and laſt concern it was to get thoroughly acquainted with his heart; that the Author is a man of a cheerful and open diſpoſition, and not in the leaſt given to gloomy melancholy; in ſhort, of a man who———but I will not add a word more to his praiſe, leſt I point out his perſon more diſtinctly than the ſcope of the preſent work requires*. The dear man will certainly

* If the reader will take the trouble to read the two letters which are prefixed to the ſecond volume of the Journal, he will learn why, notwithſtanding this declaration of the Editor, Mr. Lavater is mentioned, on the title page, as the real author of the ſubſequent work.

T.

never

never have imagined that his ſentiments and obſervations would one time be diſcloſed to the Public; of which the negligence, and the ſimplicity with which they are written, will eaſily convince every candid reader. He will, undoubtedly, be terrified at the ſight of a printed copy; however, he will, at the ſame time, be generous enough not to be angry with the Editor for having taken a liberty which, probably, will occaſion the beautifulleſt ſentiments. It is natural to expect that nothing has been interpolated in the Journal, although ſome part of it has been omitted, leſt the author would have been known, or expoſed to miſrepreſentations.

The Editor flatters himſelf that the Public will not be diſpleaſed with the inſertion of thoſe paſſages which properly do not belong to the Author's obſervations on himſelf, but contain either the characteriſtic of others, or criticiſms on books or paſſages, which made a particular impreſſion on him, &c. &c. &c.

Only one month has previouſly been offered to the Public as a Specimen, and if the aim of the Editor

ſhould

ſhould be attained, it will be in his power to publiſh two more.

As for the reſt, we wiſh that our readers may poſſeſs that candour which characteriſes the Author of the Journal, and the publication of the preſent work will need no further apology.

A. P. R.

R. October, 1770.

PREFACE

PREFACE OF THE TRANSLATOR.

THE ſcope of the ſubſequent work, as well as the hiſtory of its publication, being fully explained in Mr. Lavater's letter, which is prefixed to the ſecond volume, the Tranſlator has nothing to add, but to beg the Reader not to impute it to him, if the ſtile in which the Journal is written ſhould appear rather ſingular. Mr. Lavater's manner of expreſſing his ideas, being as extraordinary as his manner of thinking, thoſe who are not intimately acquainted with the writings of this eccentric, but truly venerable man, will eaſily be induced to miſtake for a foreign idiom what, in reality, is an idiom of the Author, and could not be exchanged for a genuine Engliſh one, as it is the peculiar characteriſtic which diſtinguiſhes his way of thinking. Conſidering this, the Tranſlator flatters himſelf that he will not be pronounced arrogant, if he hopes that not *all* expreſſions, which may ſound rather ſtrange in an elegant

ear,

ear, will be charged on him as proofs of neglect, or of a too deficient knowledge of the language. The preſent Tranſlation, which originally was intended to be circulated only in manuſcript, among ſome admirers of Mr. Lavater, would certainly never have been intruded on the Public, if the Tranſlator were not fully perſuaded, that its great utility will overbalance its many defects, and contribute to propagate piety and religious prudence, for which purpoſe he recommends the peruſal of it particularly to his congregation, who always have diſplayed the moſt laudable deſire to improve in Chriſtian knowledge and virtue.

May the divine Author of Truth give his bleſſing to the weak efforts of the Tranſlator, to contribute his mite to the encreaſe of ſerious meditation and Chriſtian circumſpection, and animate the readers of theſe pages with a ſincere and active deſire to profit by the example of their venerable Author!

Upper Thornhaugh-Street.

JOURNAL

JOURNAL

OF

A SELF-OBSERVER.

INTRODUCTION.

JANUARY, 1769.

IN THE NAME OF THE OMNISCIENT AND OMNIPRESENT GOD,

I AM going to begin a Journal with this preſent year. O that not one of my future days might be entirely loſt to heaven and myſelf! that every one might be diſtinguiſhed by at leaſt one good deed, and moſt of them entirely dedicated to Thee, my God; becoming an immortal ſoul, and a ſource of eternal happineſs.

Spirit of Grace remind me every day to watch and to pray, becauſe I do not know when my Judge ſhall come:—yes, my ſoul, work while it is day, for the night cometh when no man can work. O Lord, teach me to number my days, that I may apply my heart unto wiſdom.

Let me, Father, let me never
Sink in ſlumber's peaceful lap,
Till I have ſurveyed the actions,
And the errors of the day.

And thou, my heart, be ſincere: do not conceal from me thy ſecret receſſes; I will make friendſhip, and erect a covenant with thee. Know, my heart, that no friendſhip upon earth is wiſer, and more abounding in bleſſings, than the friendſhip and intimacy of a heart with itſelf. He who is not his own confidant, can never become a friend of God and virtue. The more we ſhun our-

ſelves,

ſelves, the nearer we approach to hypocriſy; and there is nothing in the world I deſpiſe more than an hypocrite.

Thoſe that know the human heart have made the juſt remark, that we ceaſe being ſincere, as ſoon as we perceive that we are obſerved. But it is juſt the reverſe with a rigorous obſervation of ourſelves; we always begin to be ſincere, as ſoon as our heart perceives that we watch its ſentiments.

Leſt I ſhould deceive myſelf, I will make a firm reſolution never to ſhew theſe remarks to any perſon whatever; to conceal them with the greateſt care, and to write every thing that could produce the leaſt bad conſequence in ciphers entirely arbitrary, which no one but myſelf ſhall be able to ſolve; and to write down every thing remarkable. I ſhall perceive in the courſe and fluctuation of my ſentiments, all the ſecret

artifices of paſſions; every thing which may have a remarkable influence upon the improvement of my moral character, &c. &c. &c. as carefully, as if I were to read my journal to God: ſo carefully, that on my death-bed I ſhall be enabled, by theſe records, to give to myſelf an account of my life, like that which will be laid before me, when my ſpirit ſhall have taken its flight to better regions.

DAILY RULES.

The following rules ſhall always be before mine eyes; they ſhall be ſuſpended ſomewhere in my ſtudy, and read and revolved by me every morning and evening.

I.

I will never riſe in the morning without offering thanks and prayers to God; nor without

without reflecting that it, perhaps, may be the laſt time.

II.

I will never begin my daily occupations, neither in the morning nor in the afternoon, without having previouſly implored God, on my knees, in a retired place (at leaſt for a few moments), to grant me his aid and bleſſing.

III.

I will not do nor deſign any thing I would omit if Jeſus Chriſt were ſtanding viſibly before me; nothing which I might repent of at the uncertain hour of death. I will, with the aſſiſtance of God, accuſtom myſelf to do every thing, without exception, in the name of Jeſus Chriſt; and, as his diſciple, to ſigh every hour to God for the bleſſings of the Holy Ghoſt, and always to be diſpoſed to prayer.

IV.

I will read every day a chapter in the Bible, and particularly in the goſpel; and ſelect ſome ſentiment or other from the chapters I ſhall read, and revolve it frequently in my mind.

V.

Every day ſhall be marked with at leaſt one particular work of charity.

VI.

I will make it every day my principal buſineſs to be uſeful to my family.

VII.

I will never eat or drink ſo much as to cauſe the leaſt inconvenience or hindrance in the performance of my occupations; and between meals abſtain, as much as poſſible, from

from drinking wine, and from eating (a morſel in the evening excepted).

VIII.

Whitherſoever I may go, I will previouſly ſigh to God that I may not commit a ſin, but always leave behind me ſomething uſeful; the ſame I will do before every meal whereſoever I may take it.

IX.

I will never ſleep longer than eight hours, at moſt, whilſt in health.

X.

I will never lay down to ſleep without having prayed firſt.

XI.

In my prayers for others, which I will never omit, I will mention by name my pa-

rents, my wife, my children, my ſervants, and my friends, &c.

XII.

I will examine myſelf after theſe rules every night, and honeſtly mark in my journal the number which I ſhall have omitted; the ſame I will obſerve with regard to whatever I ſhall have read, tranſacted, ſinned, and learned. God, thou ſeeſt what I have wrote; may I be able to read it every morning with ſincerity, and every night with joy, and the loud applauſe of my conſcience.

JANUARY 1, 1769.

THIS morning I awoke at three o'clock, and heard the watchman: I never hear him without ſome ſweet melancholy, accompanied by a nice perception of the fleetneſs of my life, and of the imperfect ideas of ſleepleſs philoſophers, ſighing, and ſick people, women in labour, dying, &c. &c. This morning I had a livelier ſenſe of that idea than uſual; I proſtrated myſelf in my imagination before God, and offered to him the firſt ſentiments of this new year (I could not check my tears as I was ſilently praying), and recommended to the mercy of God all my brethren and ſiſters in the whole world. I revolved in my mind the above-mentioned rules; renewed my pious reſolutions, and with a ſerene confidence reſigned my whole temporal and eternal happineſs to the care

of

of my beſt and faithfulleſt Father in heaven.

Then ſlept again with tranquillity till half an hour paſt ſix, when I awoke with joy and gratitude, prayed, repeated the new year's hymn of Gellert, and read the four firſt chapters of St. Matthew.—My ſentiments for the day was: Thou ſhalt not tempt the Lord thy God.

O, my God! I will look up to Thee for every bleſſing during the enſuing year, and never doubt but that thou wilt grant me more than thou haſt promiſed, and never aſk what thou haſt not promiſed.

I took the firm reſolution to wiſh to-day to no one an happy new year with my lips only. O! what an offence againſt truth is it to wiſh one with the lips a bleſſing which the heart does not concur in; and, perhaps, might envy another in the enjoyment thereof.

Be

Be thou, therefore, ever preſent to my heart to-day, thou ſacred ſenſe of ſincerity; and, oh! my heart, never forget that it is mean hypocriſy to pronounce a wiſh without meaning any thing with it. I found it difficult to execute this reſolution. My words overſhot my ſentiments ſeveral times. I overtook them again, and always felt an inward pleaſure when I perceived that my wiſhes were anointed with ſincerity and love for humankind.

Good God! how many inward and valuable pleaſures do we chaſe away from our ſoul, by baniſhing from it humanity, the moſt precious jewel of our nature. Mortals, like myſelf, brothers and ſiſters are all of you, who with me inhabit *one* globe, breathe *one* air, and imbibe the light of *one* ſun, and I ſhould *force* myſelf to wiſh you happy; I ſhould mean and feel nothing, when I am wiſhing

wiſhing you, in the preſence of the omnipreſent Father, the Father of all, happy days, health, new ſtrength for being virtuous, and every thing that God himſelf calls bleſſings. Wiſhing an happy new year to my maid, I ſuppreſſed ſome bitter reflections which were going to mix with my wiſh. I ſpoke with that natural mild reſignation which is always the companion of true ſimplicity: however, I cannot deny that I *conquered* my acrimony; I believed to have performed ſomething great, and ſomething very mean: if thou, my heart! hadſt conquered thyſelf a little leſs.

Alas! how inattentive was I at church—and yet I had prayed fervently at firſt—what a trifle was it that took away my attention! Good God! if I did but know by what means I could fix my ſoul! How ſudden is the tranſition from ſerious devotion to wild fancies—

a mien,

a mien, a muff. Alas! what inſignificant trifles withdraw my attention from heaven to earth! The ſermon on the fleetneſs of human life made me, however, again very ſerious, until the preacher began to pronounce his wiſhes. What an art is it to gratulate in an artleſs manner! I will, however, firſt learn myſelf how to gratulate with ſincerity, before I weigh the gratulations of others on the balance of criticiſm.

In the evening I endeavoured to be alone as ſoon as poſſible. I muſt converſe with myſelf. Shall I live this year more happy and virtuous? ſaid I to myſelf this morning. I began my taſk with writing down my journal, and continued it thus far. Now it ſtruck five o'clock—already five o'clock, ſaid I, and I have not yet performed any particular work of charity; to-morrow I could indeed perform two, inſtead of one, and thus make

make up the omiſſion of this day; however, I will not tranſgreſs, knowingly, a rule, the performance of which I have to-day ſolemnly promiſed to God and my conſcience; for that reaſon I would not let paſs the preſent firſt day of the year without having performed a particular work of charity. Another reaſon perhaps was, becauſe I wiſhed to have the pleaſure, on the firſt day of the next year, to look back on this day with the joy of a benevolent heart; for I have frequently remarked, that I have a particular deſire of marking with virtuous actions, and, above all, with deeds of charity, thoſe days which diſtinguiſh themſelves in the almanack by ſome extraordinary feſtivity, or ſomething elſe remarkable. How eaſy do we recollect them when they return the next year! On New-year's-day, on my birth-day, on Eaſter-day, I have been here or there; have performed

formed this or that—that hapleſs ſufferer who is now reſtored to his health—or that brother who, perhaps, is now in the other world—or a third who ſuffers ſtill. Oh! how did he rejoice on that day, when I ſurpriſed him with a charitable relief. But now I will riſe; will leave off writing. I will not write a line more, but go and act. But whither am I going? and what do I intend to do? Thou needeſt not go far. Has not my maid a ſick mother, who, moreover, is poor? How often has ſhe already begged ſoft old linen to dreſs her wounds with?—I went down to my wife: "My dear! I "want a new-year's gift;"—"For whom?" "For myſelf, or rather for a poor perſon; "—or for him who has ſaid: *inaſmuch as ye "have done it unto one of the leaſt of my brethren, "ye have done it unto me.*" "Well, what is it "then?" "Some old linen for Kitty's mo-

"ther."

" ther." " Is that all? I will inſtantly go " and look for ſome: but then I beg of " you a reciprocal kindneſs—let us ſing " ſome hymns." I conſented to it, and did it with inward pleaſure, with a pious ſatisfaction, and with tears of joy.

What is the reaſon that I am never more pious than when I hear ſpiritual muſick? Are the fine, ſweet, melting ſenſations, which it commonly thrills the ſoul with, really of a moral nature; although they are nothing but the immediate effect of tones, of certain circular vibrations of the air; although they ſeem to be merely mechanical, vaniſhing as ſoon as the tones are heard no more, leaving ſo rarely a laſting impreſſion behind? And yet I have frequently been proud of them; have numbered them on the ſcore of my moral feelings: but ſhould virtue be nothing elſe but the effect of a vibration of

of the air, regulated in this or that manner, can a true moral nature be aſcribed to a ſentiment which does not root in the ſoul; coming only on certain occaſions, and diſappearing with them? Should not *ſelf-ſufficiency* be the eſſential character of virtue? The conſciouſneſs of acting right under all circumſtances; the inward conviction of the lawfulneſs of our actions—ſhould not that be the criterion of our character? But cannot ſentiments be ſincere, and of a moral nature, although they be produced only by accidental circumſtances? A difficult query. It can, however, not be denied; only thoſe ſentiments which I *can create* within myſelf, as often as I chooſe, through juſt and great ideas which I *can* produce, and which are natural and familiar to me on all occaſions —only thoſe ſentiments I ſhall take over with me into the other world. Muſick can

raiſe my feelings; yet my God and my Redeemer will not be leſs amiable, although the muſick ſhould have died away like a ſoft ſtream of harmonies. It is always true, that I owe him my exiſtence, and my immortality; and this idea, ever true and inconteſtable, ought always to have a ſelf-ſufficient power of rouſing within myſelf ſentiments of gratitude and love.

Thus far I had wrote, when my wife brought me the little bundle of linen I had deſired. "Will that do?" "Perfectly well! "I will give it to the ſervant," ſaid I. The ſervant was called; ſhe anſwered, croſsly, ſhe could not come. Her anſwer did not provoke me; and it made me quite proud that I was not angry, and ſhould be able to ſhame her, by a gift for her mother. Five minutes after ſhe came: "What are your "commands?" "Kitty," ſaid I, in a firm and

and gentle accent, " there is ſomething for " your mother; you may go preſently, and " take it to her." It was indeed a triumph to me, to ſee her ſurpriſed, and ſo much aſhamed: ſhe went away, and I was ſatisfied.

We ſupped ſoon after, and I was very cheerful during our meal. When the table was going to be cleared, I ſtruggled with myſelf, whether I ſhould, or ſhould not ſay, " henceforward we will always join in our " evening prayers." How cowardly is it of the father of a houſe not to dare to make the firſt advances towards ſo laudable a cuſtom? However, I attempted it; fetched inſtantly the excellent hymns of Gellert, and prayed: then we parted, and I peruſed my rules, and my journal. Have I performed every thing in the name of Jeſus Chriſt? Have I prayed for the perſons named in my

eleventh rule? No; I have not; I will do it now. O! merciful God! with Thee will I converſe, before mine eyes ſhall be cloſed.

JANUARY the Second.

I AWOKE at ſix o'clock, remembered that I am a mortal, gave thanks to God, and read the fifth, ſixth, and ſeventh chapters of St. Matthew. What a treaſure of morals! How difficult to ſingle out a particular paſſage! I went directly to my occupations, and continued them ſucceſſively till noon. I ate with a good appetite. My wife aſked me, during dinner, what ſentiment I had choſen for the preſent day:—"Henceforth, "my dear," anſwered I, "we will pray and "read together in the morning, and chooſe "a common ſentiment for the day; I have "been

" been angry with myſelf to-day, for having
" neglected it ſo long. The ſentiment which
" I have choſen for this day is: *Give to him*
" *that asketh thee, and from him that would*
" *borrow of thee, turn not thou away.*"

" Pray how is this to be underſtood?" ſaid ſhe. " Literally," replied I. " Literally? " very ſtrange, indeed!" " We, at leaſt, muſt " take it ſo, my dear, as we would do if " we had heard Jeſus Chriſt himſelf pro- " nounce theſe words. No doubt we muſt " take theſe words ſo as if he himſelf had " ſpoken them to us, ſince he has cauſed " them to be committed to writing; for " whatever is *written*, can have no other " meaning than the word simply. The goſpel " contains, as I think, anſwers, either general " or particular ones; yet they are always ea- " ſily to be comprehended by our conſcience; " they are unequivocal to him who reads them

" with a plain, ſimple ſenſe of truth; they are,
" in every reſpect, divine anſwers to all moral
" queſtions, ſolutions of all problems which
" ever can be ſtated. However, only hearts
" which are plain, ſincere unto the voice of
" truth, and void of paſſions, can compre-
" hend theſe anſwers and ſolutions: *Give to*
" *him that aſketh thee, and from him that would*
" *borrow of thee, turn not thou away*; ſays he
" whoſe property all my poſſeſſions are. I
" am the ſteward, and not the proprietor of
" my fortune. The proprietor commandeth
" me to give unto him that aſketh of me,
" and not to refuſe the prayer of him who
" wants to borrow of me, while it ſhall be
" in my power to *give* and to *lend*; I muſt,
" of courſe, give to him who has nothing;
" or, to uſe other words, if I *have two coats*,
" *I muſt give one unto him who has none*; *and*
" *if I have meat, I muſt do ſo likewiſe, though*

" *I ſhould*

" *I ſhould not be aſked.* How much more " will it be incumbent upon me if that " ſhould be the caſe?" This was ſo clear to me, that I ſpoke it rather with warmth. My wife made no reply, except, " that ſhe " would take it into conſideration."

I was juſt riſen from dinner, when a widow deſired to ſpeak with me; I ordered her to be ſhewn into my ſtudy. " You will excuſe " me, dear Sir!" ſaid ſhe, " I entreat you to " excuſe me. Alas! I can ſcarcely tell it; " I muſt pay my houſe-rent, and I am ſix " dollars too ſhort; I have been ill a whole " month, and could hardly keep my poor " children from ſtarving; I have laid by " every penny—but, gracious heaven! I am, " nevertheleſs, ſix dollars too ſhort, and muſt " have them to-day, or to-morrow; pray " hear me, dear Sir!" Here ſhe took a ſmall parcel out of her pocket, untied it, and ſaid,

" There, Sir, is a book enchaſed with ſilver ; " my late huſband gave it me when we " were betrothed. It is all I can ſpare ; I " aſſure you, I part with it with reluctance ; " yet I know it will not be ſufficient ; and " I alſo do not know how I ſhall redeem it. " Oh! dear Sir, can't you aſſiſt me ?" " *My* " *God ! good woman, I cannot aſſiſt you !*" ſo ſaying, I put my hand (accidentally, or from habit) into my pocket, touching my money, which conſiſted of about two dollars and a half. That will not be ſufficient, ſaid I to myſelf, ſhe muſt have the whole ſum ; and if it would do, I want it myſelf. " Have " you no friend, no patron," ſaid I, " who " would give you that trifle ?" " No ! not a " living ſoul ; and I do not like to go from " houſe to houſe, I rather will work whole " nights—I have been told that you are a " good-natured gentleman. Well ! in the " name

" name of God! if you cannot aſſiſt me,
" you will, I hope, excuſe me for having
" given you ſo much trouble. I will try
" how I can extricate myſelf: God has
" never forſaken me; and I hope he will
" not begin to turn his back on me in my
" ſeventy-ſixth year."—The ſame moment my wife entered the room.

I was—O thou traitorous heart!—I was angry, aſhamed, and ſhould have been glad, if I could have ſent her away under ſome pretext or other; becauſe my conſcience whiſpered to me, *Give to him who aſketh thee, and do not turn away from him who would borrow of thee.* My wife too, whiſpered irreſiſtibly in my ear: " She is a pious, honeſt
" woman; ſhe has certainly been ill; aſſiſt
" her if you can." Shame, joy, avarice, and the deſire of aſſiſting her, ſtruggled alternately in my heart, " I have no more than

" two

" two dollars by me," anſwered I in a whiſper, " and ſhe wants ſix; how therefore can " I anſwer her demand? I will give her " ſomething, and ſend her away." My wife ſqueezed my hand tenderly; ſmiling, and beſeeching me by her looks. She then ſaid aloud, what my conſcience had whiſpered to me: *Give to him who aſketh thee, and do not turn away from him who would borrow of thee.* I ſmiled, aſking her archly, " whether " ſhe would give her ring, in order to enable " me to do it?" " With great pleaſure!" ſaid ſhe, pulling off her ring. The good old woman was either too ſimple to obſerve this, or too modeſt to take advantage of it: however, when ſhe was going, my wife told her to wait a little in the paſſage. " Was " you in earneſt, my dear, when you offered " your ring?" ſaid I, as ſoon as we were in private. " Indeed I was—I am ſurpriſed " that

" that you can aſk that queſtion. Do you " think I ſport with charity? Remember " what you have ſaid a quarter of an hour " ago: I entreat you not to make an oſten- " tation of the goſpel. You have always " been ſo benevolent; and now you are ſo " backward to aſſiſt that poor woman. Why " did you not inſtantly give her what money " you had in your purſe? Did you not know " that there are ſix dollars in your bureau, " and that it will be quarter-day in eight or " ten days?" I preſſed my wife to my boſom, and dropped a tear. " You are more righte- " ous than I! I thank you! keep your ring; " you have made me bluſh." I then went to the bureau, and took the ſix dollars. When I was going to open the door, to call the widow, I was ſeized with horror, becauſe I had ſaid, " *My God! I cannot help* " *you.*" O thou traitorous tongue! thou deceitful

ceitful heart!—" there, take the money you " want." She ſeemed, at firſt, not to underſtand me, thinking it was only a ſmall contribution; kiſſed my hand, and her aſtoniſhment was ſo great, that ſhe could not utter a word, when ſhe ſaw that it was more—that it was the whole ſum which ſhe wanted. " O! God! how ſhall I thank you? I can- " not repay you; have you underſtood me " right? I have got nothing but this poor " book, and it is old." " Keep your book, " and the money; and thank God, and not " me. Indeed, I do not deſerve your thanks, " becauſe I have heſitated ſo long to aſſiſt " you—go, in the name of God, and ſay " not a word more." I ſhut the door after her, and was ſo much aſhamed, that I hardly could look at my wife. " My dear!" ſaid ſhe, " make yourſelf eaſy; you have yielded " to my admonitions; while I ſhall wear a " golden

" golden ring on my finger (and you know " I have ſeveral), you need not tell a fellow- " creature in diſtreſs that you cannot aſſiſt " him." I preſſed her to my boſom, and wept. As ſoon as I was left to myſelf, I continued my journal, in order to humble thee, my heart! that heart which has induced me yeſterday to write, *I rather would be any thing than an hypocrite*; and yet it is downright hypocriſy to preach rigorous morals, and to perform only the leſs difficult duties.

Haſt thou comprehended me, my heart? Couldſt thou have dared to refuſe giving aſſiſtance to that poor woman, if thou, according to the ſecond rule, hadſt prayed only a few moments? I was buſy till ſix o'clock in the evening, when my wife called me to the harpſichord. I went down, and ſang half an hour; then I haſtened to my cloſet;

cloſet; prayed, kneeling, about ſeven minutes, and bewailed the diſhoneſty I had committed to-day. Having peruſed once more the chapters I had read in the morning, with ſo little benefit, my ſhame was completed.

I ate little at ſupper, and then prayed with the whole family; *not one of the ſervants was ſuffered to ſtay away; they are Chriſtians, and were edified.* How peaceably could I have cloſed this ſecond day of the year, if I had performed all my rules!

JANUARY the Third.

A DAY full of confuſion!—I could neither read, meditate, nor work; however it was my own fault. I ſlept with an unaccountable

countable heavineſs till it was broad day; very likely I ſhould have toſſed myſelf about in my bed ſome time longer, if the inſufferable ſtench of the extinguiſhed night lamp had not cauſed me to open my eyes. I was a-bed till nine o'clock—what a ſight to angels! what a ſight to myſelf would it have been if I had riſen early, and viſiting an healthy man, at nine o'clock in the morning, had ſeen in his bed-room, what I am now going to draw.

I will make it a rule henceforward to draw, as well as I can, and to keep in my journal all ſituations, the ocular inſpection of which ſhall ſtrike me more with ſhame than if they were deſcribed only by words. Good God! if I had before my eyes faithful drawings of all ſituations of that kind, of every

every day of my life, would it be poſſible to be proud or vain, even for a ſingle moment!

It was nine o'clock, as I have mentioned, when I roſe, vexed at the diſagreeable ſtench —the tea-kettle was on the table, the water almoſt boiling over; the ſun ſhone through the half frozen windows, ſo dazzling, that I was aſhamed of myſelf, and grew ſo uneaſy, that I did not know what to do. Why did not ſome one awake me? What a terrible ſtench is this! Where is my tobacco and my pipe? Thus I was putting one queſtion after the other to the ſervant who was juſt entering the room.—Only the third day of the year, ſaid I to myſelf, as ſoon as I was left alone, and commenced in ſo ſhameful a manner!—It is ſo cold in the room, thought I, at the ſame moment, before I purſued the firſt idea. I went to the fire-ſide—No fire yet—

yet.—Somebody knocked at the door; I opened it, and Mr. M*** was ſtanding there.—"I hope "I do not diſturb you," ſaid he.—"Not in the "leaſt! I am extremely glad you are come" —and yet I was very much diſpleaſed at it, becauſe I had ſomething to do.—"Walk "in! it is cold; let us ſit down by the "fire." I put my peliſe (*a*) on, and ſeated myſelf by the fire.—"If you will give me "leave, I will read to you a trifle I com- "poſed, a few days ago; I ſhould like to "have your opinion of it:" ſo ſaying, Mr. M*** took a paper out of his letter-caſe, whilſt I replied, "with great pleaſure!"— He began to read; I was aſtoniſhed; he read with emphaſis, and his looks ſeemed to demand applauſe. I ſmiled and nodded, as if highly pleaſed; and to confeſs the truth,

(*a*) Coat, lined with fur.

I hardly knew what he was reading, ſo much was I abſorbed in thoughts, and ſo little diſpoſed to be attentive. Now he finiſhed—"Excellent!" exclaimed I, "I hope you "will publiſh it."—"Your approbation," replied he, "has ſufficient weight with me, "to encourage me to venture it—but you "are too indulgent! Dare I leave this manu-"ſcript with you, that you may look it "over, it has ſtill many defects?" &c. &c.—"There is no occaſion for it," anſwered I; "however, if you inſiſt upon it, I will pe-"ruſe it once more; I am ſure I ſhall like "it better on the ſecond peruſal." Alas! what a nonſenſical flatterer I was; I have flattered, O! heart, and conſequently have been an hypocrite.

Mr. M*** went away, and looking his manuſcript over, I found unpardonable defects.—Thou haſt deſerved it, oh! heart; now

now thou art punished! but how shall I retract my first opinion? Shall I confirm it? that would be abominable; give a contrary one; how humiliating!

First of all I will draw the scene so humiliating to me, in order to punish myself, and then send back the manuscript, with the following letter:

" DEAR SIR!

" I have read your manuscript; you will " expect my opinion of it in writing. First " of all, give me leave to tell you, that the " opinion I have given concerning it, has " been that of an inattentive, regardless, " and discomposed man. I have taken the " liberty of marking those passages which, " as I think, require correcting; the very " same passages which I, as far as I can " remember, seemed to approve. It is *I*,

" and not *you*, who ought to bluſh, that my " preſent opinion is quite the reverſe of the " former; however, you ſeemed to perceive " yourſelf, that my applauſe did not come " from the heart. I thank you for your " kind, and in every reſpect unmerited, con- " fidence, in leaving the manuſcript with " me. How uneaſy would it have made " me, if my unlimited applauſe had prompt- " ed you to omit making ſuch alterations, " which I now think ſo neceſſary. You " ſee I take revenge on myſelf, for my in- " conſiderate approbation, by a frankneſs " which, perhaps, would diſpleaſe you, if " you were not ſo noble-minded, ſo modeſt, " and ſo humane. I am ready to give you " every ſatisfaction for my firſt, and this my " ſecond, opinion,"—&c. &c.

Having wrote this note, I ſent it before dinner to his houſe. It now was noon.—

" Good

"Good day to you, my dear!" ſaid my wife, when I came down ſtairs.—I was (as I imagine, on account of my note) rather more cheerful, and in a jocoſe mood.—After dinner I went up ſtairs to my ſtudy. To-day, ſaid I to myſelf, thou haſt neither read thy rules, nor ſaid thy prayers.—I now was alone, and could have performed what I had neglected this morning, however I was too lazy—I was indiſpoſed—filled my pipe, and called for a candle—the candle was brought, and company announced. This day promiſes very little, ſaid I to myſelf; and told the ſervant, I ſhould be glad to receive the company. I ſmoked my pipe, put on my clothes, and had my hair dreſſed, when it ſtruck three o'clock.

The whole evening was ſpoiled; news, political, and family tales; diſcourſes on the weather; ſome new publications; ſeveral

odd marriages; the laſt play of the preceding year; compariſons between the theatre at Hambourg, Vienna, and Leipzig. Theſe were the important matters which were the ſubject of converſation the whole evening.

Which of my rules has been executed to day? I will, however, peruſe them, in order to be put to the bluſh—I will read them, and carefully commit to writing what my conſcience accuſes me of. I roſe in the morning without the leaſt ſenſe of gratitude, without even offering a ſigh to God—without recollecting my mortality—without bending my knees to God—in the name, and as a diſciple of Jeſus Chriſt. I am ſeized with a trembling.—Nothing has been done! An heathen could not have ſpent this day worſe than I; and a rational heathen would have made a better uſe of it.—I have not read in the

the goſpel, nor choſen a ſentiment for the day—and with what deed of charity has this day been marked. Have the members of my family had an opportunity of deriving the leaſt benefit from my example or converſation.—It is nothing to me, whether other people will look upon this day, ſo void of virtuous deeds, as a mark of a very unchriſtian heart; the leaſt conſideration makes me ſenſible, that ſuch a day is a very poor one, a diſgrace to a Chriſtian, and will not be viewed without horror in the hour of death. However, it is the firſt, and ſhall be the laſt day I will ſpend this year in ſuch a manner.

JANUARY the Fourth.

YES! I had a hard ſtruggle this morning, before I could diſpoſe my mind to prayer;—to converſe with the Creator of heaven and earth, who is alſo my creator—this, certainly, is an occupation requiring the efforts of all the intellectual powers. I roſe very early; I bent my knees; but with reluctance, and with a ſort of timid baſhfulneſs—but who made me bluſh! God? his holy angels? or myſelf? I know it is indifferent to the eternal God, in what poſture we adore him; he is not moved by bended knees, nor flowing tears, nor pompous words, nor ſighs; he is not moved by pſalms, nor empty ſounds. However I alſo know that timidity, lazineſs, and the ſtruggles of the fleſh, which prevent us from praying to him

him in a poſture which we know is fitter than any other, to inſpire us with a ſenſe of humility, and of our dependance on him, or, at leaſt, to promote theſe ſentiments; I know that theſe unbecoming ſigns of weakneſs cannot be indifferent to *him*. I cannot tell what has prevented me from extinguiſhing the candle, or from pulling the ſkreen down, and why I preferred to let it burn; though I could not conceal from myſelf, that I ſhould have prayed with more devotion, with more compoſure, &c. &c. &c. if I had been in the dark.

I read the morning hymn, the general prayer, and the ſupplications of *Gellert*.—— Alas! why did I riſe as ſoon as they were finiſhed? And why did I not continue praying from the heart, what neither *Gellert*, nor *Klopſtock*; what neither the greateſt poet, nor the beſt adorers of God can teach me?

—Why

—Why muſt I have recourſe to the words of another perſon, of a fellow-creature, when converſing with my Creator? What an horrible eſtrangement from God does this praying, with the words of others, ſuggeſt to me!

I ſhivered a little—put on warmer clothes, took up the Bible, and read from the ſeventh to the eleventh chapter of St. Matthew. I choſe, as a ſentiment for the preſent day, theſe words: *He that loveth father or mother more than me, is not worthy of me; and he that loveth ſon or daughter more than me, is not worthy of me*—words which thrill my ſoul. How can I apply them to myſelf without trembling? Whom of my friends do I not love more than Chriſt? Whom of my friends would I not rather like to pleaſe than my Saviour?—I am undoubtedly no worthy diſciple of Chriſt; and yet I muſt needs become

come worthy of him, if he gives me eternal life.—Oh Lord! fill my ſoul with love for thee.—I can for hours familiarly converſe with a friend; I leave him with reluctance; and when I am converſing with thee, I think each moment an hour. There is ſtill ſome conſtraint in my prayers—I am ſtill deſtitute of true love. Oh! thou moſt amiable of beings! Illuminate my ſoul with a ray of thy love, and let the ſpirit of adoption give witneſs to my ſpirit, that I am thy child.

I continued my journal from yeſterday, executed the neceſſary drawing, and wrote the journal of this day ſo far—prayed with my wife; read the tenth chapter of St. Matthew to her; drank my tea, and then wrote till dinner-time. I reſolved to ſtay at home the whole day, and to converſe with myſelf in ſolitude. I ſucceeded pretty well; from three till ſeven o'clock I read the three firſt cantos

cantos of Klopſtock's Meſſiah, without hardly ever ſtopping—What a noble ſoul! that can compoſe ſuch a poem.—Wretched beings who abuſe poetry by aſſailing him who has intruſted that gift to you, for the promotion of truth and virtue! I played on the harpſichord; ate my ſupper; read the rules —and bluſhed, becauſe I had not performed a charitable work this day; though I ſhould not have been in want of proper objects, if I had but taken a little pains to look out for them.

JANUARY the Fifth.

I AWOKE in good time, and aſked my wife if ſhe would join me in praying. I rouſed her—we roſe up and prayed. I was

—God

—God be praiſed! not without feeling and devotion.—Yes!—O! how do I praiſe thee, omnipreſent Love!—Tears of heart-felt joy bedewed my cheeks; and the moſt noble and chriſtian thoughts flaſhed through my tranquil and ſerene mind.—How lively did I feel the value of a ſtill and early hour of devotion; how was I grieved at the thought of having ſo frequently ſacrificed that heavenly pleaſure to a beaſtly lazineſs!

We read, in bed, the eleventh and twelfth chapters of St. Matthew. At firſt I intended to chooſe for a ſentiment, for the preſent day, theſe words: *He that is not for me, is againſt me; and he that gathereth not with me, ſcattereth abroad.* However, I preferred the words: *Whoſoever ſhall do the will of my father, which is in heaven, the ſame is my brother, and ſiſter, and mother.*—So ſayeth the ſon of God; he who gave me exiſtence. Should any thing

thing in the world detain me from aſpiring to that honour and that bliſs, to which to compare the honours and the happineſs of the world would be inſanity?

I went to my work with a ſerene and tranquil mind; the time, till dinner, appeared very ſhort; mean while I found it eaſy to raiſe, now and then, my heart ſweetly in the confidence of God, and to reflect with ſerioufneſs on that paſſage: *Chriſt, who is God over all, bleſſed for ever, is not aſhamed of calling thee brother! and who will grant to thee the rights of a brother, and co-heir.—Heirs of God; co-heirs with Chriſt; children of God; brothers of Chriſt.*—What magnificent denominations! what a diſtinction for a Chriſtian; for man, who exiſteth but ſince yeſterday!

A converſation on true and hypocritical piety, which took place during dinner, induced me to read the Devotée, a poem of *Gellert.*

Gellert. I was writing letters till three o'clock; one to my brother at Paris, whom I cautioned againſt diſſipation, quoting the words of *Gellert*; "Once loſt and parted with," &c. &c. and one to Mr. ***, on ſome undemonſtrated and ſurreptitious definitions, on which objections againſt the Revelation have been founded. As ſoon as I had ſent my letters to the poſt, I received, with much chagrin, a parcel of tracts and letters, which I had collected ſome years ago, and communicated to a friend. I began to read it with indifference, and put it aſide, filled with ſhame; ordering the ſervant to wait while I wrote nearly the following anſwer:

"Your note, dear friend, is very incom-
"prehenſible to me; the little modeſty,
"which my bad inclinations have left un-
"touched, was in great danger of being en-
"tirely diſpelled from my weak heart by

"your

" your treating me thus. Indeed you have
" acted very wrong; you have entirely for-
" gotten the rule;—*All things whatsoever ye*
" *would that men should do to you, do ye even so*
" *to them.* You have forgot that I am a
" poor, frail, erring mortal; that I am still
" under the sway of those passions, which
" I cannot recollect without blushing; that
" I frequently have confessed to you my
" being given to faults, which make it in-
" comprehensible to me, how you can be
" so indulgent, and how you can conti-
" nue my friend; you have forgot that I
" dared to withhold, for whole hours and
" days, the due praise from him to whom
" praise and honour ought to be given; and
" that I have applied it to myself, who am
" but a poor reptile. O! my friend, if you
" look *up* to me, miserable, *sinful* mortal; if
" you call a *frail* creature great, what ex-
" pressions

" preſſions will be left to you for addreſſing
" the Almighty, and the Father of Spirits!
" If it had not been you, I ſhould have
" looked upon ſuch language as a mark of
" *non-friendſhip*, of *flattery*; my own heart,
" and a thouſand inſtances I have expe-
" rienced, forbid me to ſuſpect you of any
" thing of that kind. I only add, that, if
" your good heart miſguides you, to think
" too highly of me; if you can ever ſtray ſo
" far from truth, as to think me great, O!
" then recollect at the ſame time my great
" and wicked corruptions, which I ſome-
" times am very ſenſible of; and if that idea
" ſhould prompt your heart to withdraw
" from me, and fill it with coolneſs and
" contempt, which I indeed deſerve, then
" firſt recollect the ſincerity with which I
" am ſometimes praying and doing good;

" particularly the ſincerity with which I " am," &c. &c.

Having ſent this anſwer by the ſervant, I was pretty eaſy in my mind; I flattered myſelf, at the ſame time, to be void of vanity; and I can affirm—thanks to thee, O! my Creator, thou firſt and ſole author of every pious thought! that nothing humbles me more than praiſe, which I am ſenſible I do not deſerve - - - - - - - : -

After ſupper I read the newſpaper; extinguiſhed the candle, and walking up and down the room, bemoaned the miſery of my fellow-believers in Poland. O! Lord and Father of men, be merciful unto thy people!

JANUARY

JANUARY the Sixth.

I HAVE again begun the day with an unpardonable lazineſs. I tremble at my glaring inconſiſtency in whatever is good; at the incredible contradictions which I daily perceive in my principles, actions, and omiſſions.—O! ſhall I never be able to bring them to a perfect harmony—I fear, I fear I ſhall never ſucceed. How long ſhall I wait and ſigh, meditate and ſtruggle, before I ſhall be more able to rely on my ſincereſt reſolutions! Although I awoke before ſeven o'clock, yet I toſſed myſelf about in my bed, deaf to the voice of conſcience, and callous to the recollection of the pleaſure which my early morning devotion had afforded me yeſterday, and ſlumbered till it had ſtruck eight o'clock.

Angry at my wife's queſtion—" whether " I could not pray and read with her," I ſat down, and at firſt could not reſiſt the impatient wiſh to have finiſhed the morning prayer, which I was reading from *Zollikofer*'s hymn-book: yet ſome good thoughts penetrated through the miſt which overclouded my mind and my brow. Reading the words, *I renew hereby, in thy preſence, the ſincere reſolution to ſuppreſs all irregular deſires riſing in my ſoul, to combat all bad habits I am given to,* my heart ſeemed to be convulſed with ſhame. I began to rouſe myſelf; I read the paſſage once more, and felt ſenſibly how abominable it is to be ſo evidently averſe from praying, and, nevertheleſs, to talk to the omnipreſent God of a *ſincere reſolution to combat all bad habits.*

Reading the paſſage, *Let me frequently recollect that I muſt die!* I remembered having taken

taken a ſolemn reſolution to dedicate ſome minutes, every morning, to the contemplation of my mortality; I therefore repeated that prayer, and not without benefit. Having finiſhed my prayer, to which I added ſome hymns, my mind grew more ſerene; I felt ſome inclination to atone for the bad beginning of the day. I took up the New Teſtament, and read the thirteenth chapter of St. Matthew, taking particular notice of the laſt words; *and he did not many mighty works there, becauſe of their unbelief.*

Unbelief, and want of confidence, are the *natural cauſes* of a ſick man's not recovering his health, though he ſhould have the beſt medicines; ſhould not unbelief, in matters of religion, likewiſe, be an impediment founded on the nature of our ſoul, which prevents God from diſplaying his power and goodneſs to us, as it is his intention.

I now went to work with great ſerenity; kiſſed my wife, and thanked her.—" If you " had not invited me to prayers," ſaid I, " God knows what would have become of " this day!"

She preſſed my hand tenderly, replying, with unſpeakable meekneſs—" Go with " cheerfulneſs to your work; you ſtill can " do much good this day."

I breakfaſted, peruſed the newſpaper, and then went to work. Every thing ſucceeded pretty well; I thanked God, kneeled down, and attempted to adore him for a few moments.

Being called to dinner, I ſcarcely could believe that it was ſo late.

When I came down, I found my friend **** in the room, whom my wife had invited to dinner, in order to give me an unexpected pleaſure. We ſaid grace, ſilently, every

every one for himſelf.—It is very ſtrange that we do not, as at other times, ſay grace aloud when a dear friend, who is a fellow-chriſtian, dines with us. Is it baſhfulneſs, modeſty, or humility, our not being accuſtomed to it, or what is it that prevents us from doing it? I, at leaſt, think it indicates ſomething unnatural; weakneſs, timidity, and want of thankfulneſs of heart, which ought to flow from our lips.

During our ſilent prayers I repeated my ſighs, which I had vented before when converſing with God in private, beſeeching him to afford me, during dinner, an opportunity either to hear or to ſay ſomething uſeful like a Chriſtian.

The company ſeemed to have done praying before I had finiſhed, which is a new proof how unbecoming ſilent prayers, before and after meals, are. One muſt always watch the company, in order to ſee whether

they have done praying, or not. What a miſerable anxiouſneſs to which our timidity in religious matters gives riſe!

We ſat down to dinner; I ſtruggled ſome moments with myſelf, whether I ſhould communicate to the company my thoughts on ſilent prayer, before and after our meals; however, this momentary interval had deprived me of the courage of attempting it. —O! thou narrow-minded ſoul, whoſe virtues can be deſtroyed by ſuch trifles!

A bottle was overturned, and broken to pieces.—A tranquil, gentle, ſmiling look of my wife, reſtained my riſing anger.

On this occaſion one of the company related the following ſtory:—'A pious man 'once received a preſent of a very coſtly ſet 'of china. He would not accept it; how-'ever, it was ſent back again to him. At 'laſt he accepted it, and gave the porter 'ſome money to drink his health—took a

'key

'key out of his pocket, and broke it to 'pieces with the greateſt coolneſs.'——
"Very likely," ſaid he, "ſome perſon may "happen to break it, and it is not leſs "likely that it then may occaſion a ſinful "anger in the heart of the poſſeſſor, or a "ſecret anxiety in the mind of him that "breaks it. If it ſhould be admired, and "frequently uſed on my table, I might by "degrees grow ſo fond of it, that it might "irritate me if any body, or perhaps my-"ſelf, ſhould break it through careleſſneſs. "I will therefore prevent any thing of that "kind.".

This ſtory edified me very much. A great deal was ſaid for and againſt it.—I thought that it was a wiſe and noble deed (*b*).

(*b*) Many people will be of a different opinion; the Tranſlator at leaſt is. For if the principles of our holy religion

At ſix o'clock in the evening I was left to myſelf, wrote my journal, ſmoked a pipe, amid different thoughts and fancies, and then ſat down to ſupper. The converſation, during our meal, was neither good nor bad; we all prayed together. After ſupper I read my rules, and was—praiſed be God!—not ill ſatisfied with this day, though the beginning of it was ſo bad. I then kneeled down and prayed, particularly for my friends.

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religion ſhould juſtify an action of that nature, it would then be laudable and wiſe to refuſe to accept any gift of that benevolent Being, whoſe holy will it is that we ſhould enjoy the bleſſings of this world; becauſe they could tempt us to give vent to our paſſions, which would entirely undo the intention of God to cheer our pilgrimage to eternity, by the numberleſs earthly bleſſings he ſhowers down upon us. If the Author's opinion could ſtand the teſt of reaſon, and the goſpel doctrine, it then would be equally noble and laudable to throw away our money, becauſe it can lead us to avarice.———

SUNDAY,

SUNDAY, JANUARY the Seventh.

WHEN I awoke a meſſenger was waiting for me, delivering a letter from my friend ****, at H——, who entreated me to pay him a viſit, if poſſible, for he was very ill.

I was frightened, and yet this intelligence had ſomething pleaſing in it, though, God knows! I love my friend ſincerely; his death would grieve me much. It is not the firſt time that my fright, occaſioned by afflicting intelligence, ſeemed to be mixed with ſecret joy. I recollect to have felt once, on a ſudden alarm of fire, ſomething ſo very pleaſing, that, on cool reflection, makes me ſhudder. Was this ſenſation the effect of the novelty, and the ſuddenneſs of the alarm, or of the preſentiment of the concern which thoſe with whom I ſhould have an opportu-

nity

nity of converſing on that incident would ſhow, and which is always ſomewhat flattering to the narrator? Or was it the effect of the confuſed idea of the changes which interrupted the ſameneſs of my thoughts or occupations? Or was it, which is moſt likely, the conſequence of the joyful ſenſation of being exempted from the misfortune which befalls or threatens others?

I ſhould like to know what paſſes in the minds of other people, and, particularly, of thoſe who have an humane, feeling heart, when they are ſurpriſed by important, and, at the ſame time, afflicting intelligence. However, I apprehend that moſt of them either do not pay proper attention to ſituations of that kind, or are too anxious to hide their feelings from others, and, perhaps, from themſelves. Yet, I think, one ought to obſerve one's ſelf with the utmoſt care in ſuch caſes;

caſes; and, in order to recollect afterwards, to one's own benefit, the moſt ſecret emotions of the mind, one ought to commit them faithfully to writing in the firſt tranquil moment.

I communicated the letter to my wife, made preparations for my journey, ſettled in haſte ſome buſineſs, gave ſome orders, and then ſtepped into the carriage.

Conſternation, anxiety, uneaſineſs, and a ſecret ſatisfaction, on account of the joy my ſpeedy arrival would afford my friend, but not only on account of that joy, but alſo of the praiſe which I expected himſelf and his family would give me—and ſhame on account of that ſatisfaction—ſucceeded each other, alternately, in the firſt quarter of an hour.

I began to pray: "O! my God! how "irregular and impure are my thoughts! "When will my heart be in ſuch a condi- "tion that I ſhall be able to look upon my-

"ſelf

" ſelf without bluſhing!—Merciful God!
" guide my thoughts and ſenſations, parti-
" cularly at preſent."

I was cold, and I had pulled up the coach windows. Some poor children, who were going to church, begged a ſmall charity; their hands were blue with the cold. I ſuffered them to run awhile, by the ſide of the coach, without ſtirring, and, half ſmiling—Lazineſs! was it thou that prevented me from letting down the window, or did avarice not ſuffer me to give a few halfpence to thoſe poor children; or was I prompted by a childiſh pride to let them feel, and to enhance my greatneſs and my charity, if I ſhould give them ſomething; or what was it that made me act thus, a few minutes after I had been praying to God to guide my thoughts and ſenſations?——It was at leaſt not handſome, and not noble.—However, I let

let down the window at laſt, put my hand in my pocket, rather out of humour, becauſe the peliſe I had on was in my way, and threw a couple of groats in the ſnow.—They were obliged to pick them up with their hands, ſwelled through cold.—Thus I acted, on a journey to a man who was dangerouſly ill.

I was aſhamed; but endeavoured to rid myſelf of my ſhame by directing my thoughts to my friend; yet it was leſs the friendſhip, than a ſecret ſtruggle of diſpelling the diſagreeable recollection of the baſeneſs of my conduct, that prompted me to think of my friend. However, inſtead of praying for him, and of conſidering what I ſhould ſay to him; how I might cauſe his laſt days to be a beſſing to him, and to myſelf; inſtead of giving way to the more natural and tender feelings of pure friendſhip, I recalled to my

mind

mind many ſweet ſcenes of my life, which I had enjoyed in the company of that dear man. At once the thought, *he is ill, is dangerouſly ill!* fell heavy upon my heart.

I now ſaw him on his couch, emaciated and pale, his wife melting in tears.—I began to weep, to ſigh, and to wring my hands. I took my handkerchief out of my pocket —and ſentiments of pity and friendſhip warmed my heart.——" Good God!" exclaimed I, " preſerve my beſt, my faithfulleſt " friend—do not take him from me ſo ſoon! " Give thy bleſſing to the medicines which " are adminiſtered to him; let him recover; " reſtore him to me!" Here I ſtopped, and ſtared a while, and prayed with more fervor. " O! let the tears of his wife be " dear in thy ſight! Reſtore to her the beſt " of huſbands, and to me the beſt of friends!

Meanwhile I had put my hand in my left pocket,

pocket, and felt there was a book in it, which I had not recollected at firſt. It recurred to my memory that it was the New Teſtament, which I had taken with me, in order to ſelect ſome paſſages, which I intended to converſe about with my friend.—I took it out of my pocket, and opened it.—The firſt paſſage which ſtruck me, was: *Whatſoever ye do in word or deed, do all in the name of the Lord, Jeſus Chriſt*—and when praying for my ſick friend, I had not had one thought, not the leaſt reflection, on Jeſus Chriſt—I had forgot entirely that I and my friend were Chriſtians, that I ought to have prayed for him as for a diſciple of Chriſt, and as a follower of Jeſus; but, alas! I feel, I know that I am deſtitute of the true *ſpirit of Chriſt*. O Chriſt! Chriſt! how much art thou neglected by men, for whom thou haſt purchaſed immortality with thy precious blood! My

friend would die without hope, if thou hadſt not ſacrificed thy life for ſuch as truſt in thee. Now he will die in full confidence of the atonement thou haſt made for repenting ſinners, and at the laſt day riſe to life immortal, to live for ever to praiſe thy holy name. And could I forget thee in my prayer; thee who art the author and giver of immortality?—Theſe were my thoughts.

We came to a farrier's—"We muſt ſtop "here," ſaid the poſtillion; "the horſes ſhoes "muſt be faſtened, and one which is loſt, "replaced."—Impatience! Impatience! how buſy waſt thou in my heart; I heſitated, whether I ſhould get out and walk, as we were only one league diſtant from the abode of my friend. At laſt, being told that we ſhould not ſtop above a quarter of an hour, I reſolved to remain in the carriage; took out my memorandum-book, and continued my

my journal thus far.—" *Well! Poſtillion!* " *have you not done yet? You make it dam—'d* " *long!*"—Like a flaſh of light'ning it darted through my ſoul: *Whatſoever ye do, in word or deed, do all in the name of the Lord Jeſus!* No! No! I cannot hide it from myſelf; I do not, for a ſingle hour, continue to think, to act, and to talk like a Chriſtian.

The farrier had done—how glad was I to be diverted again, and recalled from my late ſhameful ſenſations.

The poſtillion doubled his ſpeed. I fancied the joſtling, which promiſed to bring me a little ſooner to the arms of my friend, would acquit me of reflecting and praying; however, the proximity, the proximity of my ſick, dying friend preſſed my heart; all within me was in a flutter. I came to myſelf—the ſtupor vaniſhed—I grew all life, ſenſibility, warmth and friendſhip—the poſtillion found-

ed his horn, and—I almoſt fainted away. The wife of my beloved friend was ſtanding at the door.—" O! come, come my bleſſed " friend!" exclaimed ſhe, " Good God! how " pale you look." I went up ſtairs with tottering ſteps, pulled off my peliſe, and walked—alas! into the dark room. I approached the bed on tip-toe—the wan, feeble hand of my friend was ſtretched out to me; I laid my face on his, which was bedewed with ſweat—and was, God be praiſed! entirely the man, and the friend. I could not recollect what I intended to ſay, or not to ſay; however, God be praiſed! I could weep and ſigh.—The hiſtory of the illneſs was related.—My ardent deſire was, to proſtrate myſelf by the bed-ſide, to pray and to weep.—" Don't weep ſo much, my dear " friend! make yourſelf eaſy; I have many " things to tell you; we ſhall ſoon be left

" to

" to ourſelves!" ſaid my ſick friend, with a tranquillity which afforded me unſpeakable comfort.

Tea was brought in, and I requeſted to uſe my commodity. I did it; but every moment, which delayed the converſation with my friend, lay heavy upon me. At length the room was cleared, and I left alone with him:—" Come nearer," ſaid he. O! that I could but imprint faithfully on my memory, and never forget all, all his laſt ineſtimable words! O! that I alſo could do it with that ſimple, ſincere, heart-cutting tone with which he pronounced them. I ſtood by his bed-ſide; he was lying on his back, almoſt exhauſted, and ſaid:—" I have many " things to tell you, dear friend; however, " my weakneſs bids me to mention only " what is moſt neceſſary; I need not to en- " treat you to double your attention.—Firſt

" of all, I thank God that I enjoy once " more, before I leave this world, the un- " ſpeakable pleaſure of diſcloſing my heart " to you. I hope God will grant me ſuffi- " cient ſtrength, and give his bleſſing to my " words. I am dying, my friend! I ſhall " tarry here below only a few days longer, " perhaps only a few hours. God be praiſed! " that after unſpeakable ſtruggling, I can " bear the idea of dying; that I can endure " it at laſt—at laſt—O! my friend! after " an unſpeakable ſtruggle; and can, with " confidence in Jeſus Chriſt, behold, with " an ardent deſire, my approaching diſſolu- " tion. It is true, my much beloved and " faithful wife—her tears, her languiſhing " countenance, and the ſight of you—O! " how could that be indifferent to me." Here he ſtopped, ſeeing that my tears and diſtreſs prevented me from liſtening to his words.

words. I conſtrained myſelf to ſuppreſs my emotion.—" Yes, my friend!" continued he, " your tears affect me; but I have con- " quered—I die without reluctance; but " (here he ſqueezed my hand with tender- " neſs) to your care I entruſt the ſoul of my " wife; comfort her—cheer her up—pray " for her!——

" However, we muſt make the beſt uſe " of the few remaining moments; I begin " already to feel the effects of talking, and " the emotions of my ſoul. Let me tell " you, in few words, but enforce it on " your ſoul—I have not led the life of a " Chriſtian—I have not been an hypocrite, " my friend, not what the world calls an " hypocrite; however, I have not been a " Chriſtian; and, I truſt, that you will thank " me in the next world, for this wound " which I *muſt* inflict on your heart. We

" have not been *Chriſtian friends*; the ſpirit,
" and the love of Jeſus Chriſt, has not dwelt
" in us. Our friendſhip was not founded
" on him, not animated by him, not active
" in promoting his honour. How many
" hundred hours of our ſhort, ſhort life,
" have we killed with the moſt idle and uſe-
" leſs converſation—with plans of ambi-
" tion—of ambition, my friend! God knows
" I am ſpeaking with the greateſt delibera-
" tion. Even what the world calls rightful
" and noble ambition, is abominable in the
" ſight of God, an ever deſtroying poiſon to
" the ſoul, a bane to all virtues; a hell to
" the heart which begins to perceive that it
" is near the gates of death; which begins
" to be ſenſible of the eternity of God, of
" Chriſt's unſpeakable majeſty, and his in-
" comparable humility.—O! my friend! that
" paſſion has cauſed me a thouſand burn-
" ing,

" ing, burning tears of unutterable grief,
" ſtruggles full of woe—deeper than I can
" deſcribe it, in a manner which you can-
" not conceive an idea of—unſpeakably
" deep have I been afflicted by every im-
" pulſe of that monſter, which ruſhed upon
" my mind on the brink of eternity.—O! how
" heavenly true are thou, word of my Sa-
" viour: *Whoſoever ſhall exalt himſelf, ſhall be*
" *abaſed!* Jeſus Chriſt was humility itſelf, in
" the full ſenſe of the word—*It is enough for*
" *the diſciple that he be as his Lord! and the*
" *ſervant as his maſter.*—O! friend, do not
" forget theſe words! I die—but truth ſhall
" never die. Heaven and earth ſhall paſs
" away; but not the words of Jeſus Chriſt.

" O! my dear, dear friend; how are my
" beſt actions dwindling away on the brink
" of the grave; and how horribly are my
" faults and foibles, which I formerly thought

" little

" little, towering up.—Alas! how little do
" we know ourſelves, although the buſtle
" of life ſhould be ever ſo gentle.—O! how
" dreadful is the ſilence of death; how
" dreadful the ſtillneſs of eternity!—O! how
" terrible the heavy load, the load of our
" own heart, ſo extremely corrupted!—
" God! God! Creator! Jeſus Chriſt!——
" What words are theſe! What thoughts
" do they contain! How many thouſand
" times have I pronounced theſe words,
" without reflecting on the impenetrable
" and ever adorable author of my exiſtence,
" my life, and immortality.—Creator! Fa-
" ther! What name ſhall I give to thy
" mercy, which will forgive for ever theſe
" numberleſs, enormous acts of thoughtleſſ-
" neſs; thy mercy which will forget them,
" and deſtroy, through Jeſus Chriſt, all the
" bad conſequences they produced to me,

" and

" and others. I am almoſt ſpeechleſs."—
" Thou art; yes, thou art, *love*."

" My friend! I have now three things
" more on my mind; I have ſeveral God-
" children, whom I intended to inſtruct,
" and to educate. I thought it ſo much
" the more incumbent on me, becauſe it
" did not pleaſe providence to bleſs me
" with children of my own.—I entreat you
" to ſupply my place; I have ſet apart four
" hundred dollars for four of them, whoſe
" names and abode my wife will tell you. I
" bequeath them to you; I need not tell
" you more.

" You will find a volume of Buffon's
" Hiſtoire Naturelle in my library. I have,
" out of an unpardonable careleſſneſs, de-
" layed, from one day to the other, to re-
" turn it to Mr. N. to whom it belongs,
" and who muſt have forgot that he lent it
" me.

" me. Return it to him, beg his pardon in my
" name, and aſk him if there is any book in
" my library he ſhould like to have; if there
" is, let him have it; if he ſhould aſk none,
" give him my elegant edition of Horace.
" Alas! there was much petty vanity in
" the choice of my books. How many dol-
" lars could I have employed to better pur-
" poſes—and how many hours too! O! my
" friend, how important is every hour of ſo
" ſhort a life——."

Here my friend ſtopped--tears bedewed my cheeks—he looked at me with inward grief.—" O! my friend!" reſumed he, " I
" have, knowingly, uttered a calumny againſt
" an honeſt man; have done it from mo-
" tives, which, I hope, God will forgive me,
" and eraſe the impreſſion of it for ever
" from my immortal ſoul.—Go to him as
" ſoon as I am dead; I would ſay while I
" am

" am living, if I did not want all my remain-
" ing moments to converſe with you. Go,
" and offer him this hand, which I am now
" preſſing within mine, and which is be-
" dewed with the ſweat of my approaching
" death; tell him that I have ſhed bitter
" tears on account of that calumny—em-
" brace him, in my name, and then go to
" Mr. M. and D. Go (I conjure you by
" my dying moments not to omit it, in
" order to ſpare me after my death) and tell
" them what anguiſh of ſoul this calumny
" has given me on my death-bed."

Here my friend ſtopped; I promiſed to execute his requeſts faithfully.—" God will " reward you for it, beſt of men!" added he, and ordered his family to come again into the room. My heart was now ſo tranquil that I ſeemed to have entirely forgot the greatneſs of the impending loſs. He fell aſleep,

aſleep, and I haſtened to inſert in my journal, as accurately as poſſible, whatever I had heard.—O! ſacred hour! and ye laſt heart-thrilling words of my dying friend, be for ever preſent to my mind.—O! that this leaf, and the drawing I am going to make of this afflicting ſcene, could render them for ever preſent to my memory.

The whole afternoon paſſed quietly; I was ſitting by his bed-ſide the greateſt part of it, abſorbed in ſerious meditations, ſighing, weeping—and yet, almoſt the whole time, eaſy and ſerene. I could do very little beſides reading to my friend ſome dying hymns, ſtopping now and then, interrupted by many ſighs and tears. My friend appeared to be very much affected while I was reading to him; repeated with great emotion, and many ſighs, ſingle words and ſhort paſſages of the hymns, but talked very little the whole afternoon.

afternoon. My heart was bleeding, becauſe I was not enabled to ſay the leaſt word that might have afforded him comfort and pleaſure in his dying moments. He was extremely weak, and ſaid once, "it afforded "him unſpeakable comfort that he could "ſigh ſo ſilently, and meditate without "being interrupted." Although I was ſighing ſo frequently, yet I was not diſpoſed to pray ſilently and continuedly—I ventured to take up my journal, and continued it thus far—and frequently liſtening to the broken accents of my friend, I now ventured to write down ſome thoughts by his bedſide, for I know what a deep impreſſion ſuch recollections ſometimes produce in the heart.

Thoughts

Thoughts and Senſations by the Death-bed of my Friend.

Sunday the Seventh of January, 1769.

Six o'Clock in the Evening.

ONE of my deareſt friends on earth is now ſtretched out before me, too weak to utter a ſingle word to his tender wife, or to me—the ſame man, whom I ſo often have preſſed to my boſom, who was ſo lively and ſo active.—But, God be praiſed! tranquillity and peace are poured in his ſoul, and he burns with a ſilent deſire for immortality—for the ſight of him he loves, though he never ſaw him—in whom he rejoiceth with an unſpeakable and heavenly pleaſure.—O! that I on my death-bed might be as eaſy as my friend, and, like him, await the glory of

of the inviſible world, with reſignation and hopeful confidence! But the words he addreſſed to me to day—yes! all my limbs are ſtill trembling—yes, deareſt ſoul! I have felt the truth of thy words; however, I am afraid of my heart, I dread the time when thou ſhalt leave me—for I know, I know my forgetfulneſs—but is it poſſible that I ever ſhould forget thy words.—O! thou mean ambition! Shouldſt thou ever reſume again the ſway over me. I have oftentimes been ſenſible how fooliſh thou art; I have frequently bemoaned thy power over me, and curſed thee in the preſence of my God.—The voice of a dying friend, which penetrates to the deepeſt receſſes of my humanity, now warns me likewiſe againſt thee—that I ſhould not again court the applauſe of mortal men. My friend wanted ſome drink; I mixed a little raſberry wine with water,

and gave it him. His wife raiſed him up, and he took the glaſs—" Good God! what " an undeſerved refreſhment! How many " poor people long in vain for what my be- " nevolent, faithful God now grants me. O! " ye fellow-ſtrugglers! who are with me on " the brink of the grave—could I but relieve " you, as God has relieved my body and ſoul. " —Let me now reſt again, my friends!" ——We ſat down to ſupper; he ſeemed to ſleep.—" You will not forſake me," ſaid his wife to me; " he has bequeathed to me " your friendſhip. Has he not? thou faith- " ful friend of my deareſt huſband."—O!" ſaid I, " my whole heart is yours; I wiſh I " did not live at ſo great a diſtance from " you." I then ſhewed her, in my journal, the paſſages relating to her; ſhe wept, and I ſhed tears with her. God! how we were terrified!—we heard him rattle in the throat

—he

—he breathed with difficulty—he opened his eyes, ſtaring—his hand trembled. "Let "us kneel down and pray!" exclaimed I, bending my knees, and directing my face towards the bed, I prayed aloud, whilſt a ſtream of tears ran down my face: "Lord! "Lord! our God! merciful and gracious, "have mercy on our dear dying brother! "he is thy creature! have mercy on him! "Jeſus Chriſt has ſuffered death for him. "Have mercy on him; pour light into his "ſoul! ſupport him, thou God of love! let "him powerfully feel thy mercy! grant him, "in the agony of death, a diſtant foretaſte "of the joys of the eternal contemplation of "thee! O! Jeſus Chriſt! thou haſt taſted "the bitterneſs of death for us all; haſt "taſted it alſo for our dying friend! Thou "knoweſt the agonies of the dying; thou "knoweſt his ſufferings; thou art all com-

" paſſion, and powerful to ſupport thoſe " who are wreſtling with death. O! pene- " trate him with the animating power of " thy eternal ſpirit! Purify and ſanctify him " entirely through and through, that his ſoul " and body may be kept unſpotted until the " day of thy coming in glory. Give him a " foretaſte of the joys of the reſurrection, " and of the raptures which thy eternal love " inſpires; give him courage, that he may " not be terrified by death! Make him truly " ſenſible of thy love, that he may not be " afraid of appearing before the light of " thy countenance.—Have mercy on him; " ſtrengthen him! ſave him! make him " happy for ever!"

Thus I prayed, and, God be praiſed! did it with great fervour, with a lively belief, and an overflowing heart.

I got up, looked at my dying friend, who appeared

appeared to have recovered a little, and we relaxed in praying. My heart exhorted me to go on; but my knees would not bend any longer. I went to the window in order to reſt myſelf a little; I folded my arms, and ſighed a few moments—heard my dear friend ſtill breathe with difficulty, and ſhed ſome tears. I then ſeated myſelf by the ſide of his afflicted wife, took her by the hand, and addreſſed her thus:—"Our dear friend will "ſoon have conquered; he will ſoon be de- "livered for ever from his preſent agony "and every pain. I am ſure his mind is "ſerene, and probably he feels no longer "the ſting of death. Don't grudge him the "bliſs which awaits him, and always recol- "lect that God is your father, and Jeſus "your faithfulleſt and eternal friend. A "few years, dear friend, a few years longer,

" and they will fleet away like days—and
" you will be united to him for ever."

" Yonder we behold in brightneſs,
" All the friends who went before;
" Foes and death ſhall then not part us;
" Death and grave afflict no more."

" O! dear friend!" ſaid ſhe, " do not for-
" ſake me! If you could but always remain
" with me—but when the darling of my
" heart is dead, and you are returned to
" your family—alas! how gloomy will my
" life then be!"

" Yes!" replied I, " I feel the greatneſs
" of your grief, and the burthen which
" threatens to lie heavy on your ſoul! How-
" ever, this dear man will then ſtill be
" living, and pray to our heavenly father to
" grant you bleſſing and ſtrength; and I
" know, and many ſincere ſouls will know
" it

" it too, that *pure religion, and undefiled wor-*
" *ſhip before God the Father, is this: to viſit*
" *the fatherleſs and the widows in their afflic-*
" *tion.*"——" AND TO KEEP HIMSELF UN-
" SPOTTED FROM THE WORLD!" exclaimed my dying friend, turning towards us. We ſtarted up, ſeized with aſtoniſhment, leaned over him, and looked at each other, exclaiming, He ſtill hears what we are ſpeak-
" ing:—" Woe unto us if we ever forget his
" powerful admonitions!" Nothing would have been more natural than to pray with my dying friend, or to read to him the moſt pertinent paſſages of the goſpel; but, God knows, timidity or baſhfulneſs prevented me from doing it—and how incapable I found myſelf to entertain my friend with due fervor. I endeavoured to lull my conſcience aſleep, perſuading myſelf that he had no occaſion for it, and that he was capable to

feed his ſoul with the comforting truth of the goſpel without my aſſiſtance. Nevertheleſs, I could not help feeling, with a pungent ſhame, my want of that true ſenſe of chriſtianity, and of that fullneſs of ſenſibility, with which our lips are wont to overflow.

The condition of my friend remained unaltered till twelve o'clock; he ſtill breathed diſtinctly, but uttered not a ſingle word more. I continued my journal thus far, in order to avoid falling aſleep. At length we fancied that he was departed: taking the candle, and approaching the bed, we found that he was drawing near his diſſolution—he breathed with difficulty; I heard a gentle ſigh: his wife began to weep aloud—" O! " dear, dear ſoul! alas! he is dying—God " have mercy on me!—he is dying!" I now ventured to ſay—and indeed it came from my

my heart—while tears gushed from my eyes —" *I am the resurrection and the life*; *he that* " *believeth in me shall live, though he were dead.* " This, my dear friend! feels the darling of " our heart much stronger than we can con- " ceive." No sooner had I said this, but he expired.—" Jesus! Christ! he is dead!" exclaimed his wife, leaning over him, " he " is dead! Alas! he is dead!"—" No, my " friend! he is living, as true as Jesus Christ " lives." However, when I cast my eyes towards him, and applied my hand to his cheeks, all my courage and comfort fled. I was ready to drop down, and could not help repeating, with tears in my eyes, *he is dead!* my feelings were unutterable; I tried to compose myself.

We wrapped my deceased friend up—I almost fainted away.

Thus

Thus thou alſo ſhalt be wrapt one time——
Then weeps the comfort of my life,
My friend, and with him weeps in vain
The darling of my heart, my wife;
No tears will call me back again.——

O! God! what is the ſon of duſt? What am I, who am yet among the living? This hand, which holds and guides the pen, ſhall ſoon be ſtiff and cold; not feel the warming breath, not feel the darling's kiſs whom I ſhall leave behind. And thou, my weeping eye, thy tears will ceaſe one time to flow; thou ſhalt one time be dimm'd like theſe ſightleſs eyes of my dear ſleeping friend. Thou ſhalt then breathe no more, my mouth! my tongue ſhall ceaſe to talk; I ſhall then be ſtretched on the bed, and hear no more, what, nigh and far from my cold corpſe, they then will talk of me, hear neither praiſe nor blame,

blame. O! God! how deep do I now feel, what I, many thouſand times, have been repeating without ſenſe, and what I ſecretly have laughed at with diſguſt, as if it had been the moſt common trifle—that I am a *mortal*. O! what a difference is it to *profeſs* a truth, and to *feel* a truth!

Thus far I wrote in my bed-chamber, after my deceaſed friend had been wrapt in his ſhroud, and laid on a clean bed.

Being quite alone, one-pair of ſtairs higher than the corpſe, I was ſeized with ſuch horror, that I hardly ventured to lift up my eyes, and to leave off writing. I heſitated whether I ſhould extinguiſh the candle, or not. O! what a weak philoſopher I am; what a pitiful Chriſtian! who am I afraid of? Do I dread the body or the ſoul of my dear friend? And is not God preſent where I am?——I grew a little more compoſed—

roſe

roſe up, undreſſed myſelf, extinguiſhed the fire, and went to bed. O! how much had I to think, to feel, and to pray! however, I was tired, and fell aſleep.

JANUARY the Eighth.

IT ſtruck ſix o'clock when I awoke, and I was ſo eaſy in the firſt moment of awaking, that I ſeemed to have entirely forgot the loſs of my beſt friend; but that tranquillity laſted only a few moments. He is dead —my friend—beneath me lies his breathleſs corpſe—where may now his ſoul be, where he himſelf? Alas! far diſtant from me! I cannot overtake him, not weep him back again; he is ſurrounded with light, and I with darkneſs: Alas! I can enjoy no longer, not

not for a ſingle hour, even not for a moment, my faithful, pious, and amiable friend.—I wept bitterly, and was glad that I could weep—Alas! how little did I enjoy him, thought I, but now my repentance comes too late; how little have I converſed with him on his and my immortality: I have, indeed, frequently diſcourſed with him on immortality in general, and on religion too, but how ſeldom on *our* immortality, on *his* and *my* Creator and Redeemer! And now he is gone over to better regions, in order to behold him who has created and regenerated him, leaving me behind, in the night and buſtle of this life. O what an unhappy year is this to me! All the feelings of wounded friendſhip are rouſed within me; how quickly have you ſlipt away, ye ſweet, but, alas! only half enjoyed days!—How was I blinded! —He invited me ſo tenderly laſt year to ſee him,

him, and I dreaded to make that ſhort journey in winter. Alas! how ſenſibly muſt I now ſmart for that lazineſs! Alas! I was to ſee him now only one ſingle day, and on that very day I muſt be a witneſs of his death!—Such thoughts frequently occurred in my mind; I wrapped myſelf repeatedly in my blanket, and could not leave off weeping. —Some perſon knocked at the door; I was much frightened, becauſe I did not recollect that I had deſired yeſterday to be awakened ſoon after ſix o'clock.—How little did I appear to myſelf, as ſoon as I recollected it! —I called for a light, got up, and did *not* pray—O! God! why did I not pray? I fancied my grief, my tears, and my gloomy reveries, would ſerve inſtead of prayers; I rather would give myſelf up to them, than pray—I ſeated myſelf by the chimney-ſide, lighted the fire, and ſpent a full quarter of an hour

hour with this trifling occupation. Nothing but tranſitory fancies, though gloomy, yet not in the leaſt connected with morality or religion, entered my mind.

The clock ſtruck ſeven, and now the conſciouſneſs of my mortality was rouſed again. Again I have trifled away half an hour—ſix hours are already paſt, ſince my dear friend has been admitted to adore God in the light of eternity, enjoying the fruits of his life. O heart! O heart! canſt thou refuſe to pray? —I tremble at thy thoughtleſſneſs.

I roſe, placed the table cloſe to the fireſide, and did *not* pray, but continued my journal thus far.—I cannot but confeſs, though reluctantly, that love of diverſion, and a ſecret averſion from praying, prompted me to do it; I would rather write down, and confeſs all my follies—but no; not all—I never would confeſs them all—I have no true de-

ſire

ſire to mend my life. My better feelings, my good reſolutions, and my virtues, depend all on accidental external circumſtances; and even theſe circumſtances loſe frequently their efficacy after a few minutes.—I will not write a word more; I will lay down the pen, and pray; will pray, becauſe I have a ſecret averſion from doing it.

What a horrid thought! I walked up and down the room, began to ſigh repeatedly, and to be afflicted on account of the ſtubbornneſs and inconſtancy of my heart. "O! "God," ſaid I, "merciful God! why am I "ſo averſe from converſing with thee? Shall "my heart ever remain cold? Shall it ever "love thee in ſo imperfect, ambiguous, "and ungrateful a manner? O! when ſhall "I be enabled to confide in my feelings?— "Canſt thou not break this heart of ſtone? "not inſpire me with a love entirely ſincere,

"conſtant,

" conſtant, and invincible.—O! why do I
" forget thee ſo ſoon? Why do I forget my-
" ſelf almoſt every moment? O! muſt I then,
" even to day, while I am ſurrounded with
" the ſtrongeſt incitements, complain of my
" poor heart. Alas! I am ſtill deſtitute of
" a lively conviction of that fundamental
" ſtrength which poſſeſſes the whole ſoul,
" has an innate energy, and is, in ſome re-
" ſpects, entirely independent on external
" impulſes! O! ſhew me what is needful
" for me, and give me what will lead me to
" piety, and eternal happineſs!"

Thus I prayed, kneeled down, and ſtruggled with God for his bleſſing to my virtue, and for every comfort to the widow of the deceaſed.

Hearing ſomebody come up ſtairs, I roſe haſtily up in the midſt of my prayers, as if I had been aſhamed, or doing ſome bad action.

—In order to avoid being thought an hypocrite (whiſpered my heart to me, in a palliating manner), I waſhed myſelf, and rinſed my mouth; the water was cold, and got into an hollow tooth. Angry with myſelf, and vexed at this trifling accident, I became again deſtitute of all pious ſenſations—I was again ſhocked at myſelf.—I find I have not yet learned how to bear a trifling momentary pain, or the anguiſh cauſed by a little negligence, with that gentle tranquillity and patience, which becomes the wife, and is ſo requiſite in a Chriſtian.

I was writing this journal till eight o'clock, and then went down ſtairs, full of grief, and in a ſerious mood. The widow looked pale, and was clad in black (God! what a ſight to me!): I embraced her, and bedewed her cheek with ſympathetic tears.—"Alas!" ſaid ſhe, weeping, "this is the firſt day of my

"widow-

" widowhood—I cannot believe that he is " dead! God! what a night have I had— " I have not enjoyed a wink of ſleep; how- " ever, my ſiſter kept me company, and " comforted me, by reading prayers and " hymns to me."

I endeavoured to make her eaſy, and went with her to ſee the corpſe. She leaned over it, and wept bitterly.

JANUARY the Ninth.

I COULD ſpare no time yeſterday for the continuation of my journal; having aſſiſted in ſettling ſeveral matters, and wrote ſome letters to the relations of the deceaſed, giving frequent vent to the fervent effuſions of my heart, and to the tears of ſincere ſenſibility.

However, my abominable vanity mixed now and then with theſe ſenſations; my heart miſgave me when I perceived it, and recalled to my mind my departed friend, and his laſt words; I got up, and wept for myſelf.

Copy of a Letter to the Brother of the Deceaſed.

" YOU have loſt a brother, and I a friend, " who, without contradiction, deſerves our " tears and tender remembrance.—I have " had the mournful ſatisfaction of ſeeing " him expire. O! God! how he died!— " ſo eaſy, ſo tranquil, ſo ſerene, and ſo re- " plete with the moſt Chriſtian ſenſations " and holy belief; yes, I never ſhall forget " his laſt converſation. O! how I thank " God, or rather, how much reaſon have I " to thank God, that I ſaw him the laſt day " of

" of his life—it was an unſpeakable bleſſing
" to me! O! that I may never, in my whole
" life, render myſelf unworthy of it! He
" went to his eternal reſt without the leaſt
" conceit or affectation; as artleſs as a child,
" and as ſublime as an angel, if angels could
" die. His whole mind was occupied with
" his expected diſſolution, in the beginning
" of his illneſs, of which he, at the latter end
" of laſt year, appears to have had a fore-
" boding; having endeavoured to ſettle all
" his affairs with an unuſual accuracy, and
" copied his will.

" He frequently begged to be left alone;
" and was oftentimes found in his bed, lying
" on his face, in a kind of ſwoon, his eyes
" being wet with tears. His ſins, even his
" ſmalleſt faults, grieved him very much; he
" confeſſed them not only in general, but
" mentioned them ſingly; he did not attempt

" to palliate them, but confeſſed them with
" ſo innocent, ſo modeſt, and ſo amiable a
" ſimplicity, that it is not in my power to
" give you an adequate idea of my joy and
" admiration. His humility was ſo great,
" ſo unaffected, ſo wiſe, that I could not
" enough admire and adore the greatneſs of
" God's grace, which was ſo evidently work-
" ing in his ſoul. I ſhould never have done
" writing to you, if I were to enlarge, as I
" wiſh to do, on the many ſources of com-
" fort he has opened to his friends in his laſt
" days; however, I mean to do it ere long,
" if it pleaſe God. The widow of my de-
" ceaſed friend, feels indeed heavy enough
" the loſs ſhe has ſuffered; yet, I hope, her
" being certain that our late dear friend has
" changed for the better, and other conſo-
" lations of our holy religion, againſt which
" her pious heart is not ſhut up, will ſoon
" entirely

" entirely reſtore to her the reſignation
" which is ſo becoming and ſalutary to us,
" and does ſo much honour to the power of
" the Goſpel. It would, indeed, contribute
" much to it, if you, dear brother of my beſt
" friend, would viſit her as ſoon as poſſible,
" which will be the more neceſſary, on ac-
" count of the arrangement of different
" œconomical concerns, which the deceaſed
" has, indeed, left in the beſt order, as far
" as it lay in his power."

Having finiſhed my letters, I ſealed and ſent them to the poſt, after I had read them to the widow, who found no ſmall conſolation in it. I ſcarcely had reflected on myſelf a moment, when it ſtruck twelve o'clock.

During dinner we were pretty eaſy, and converſed frequently about the deceaſed. His wife related, among other things, that laſt

November he had ſecretly ſold, for twelve ducats, a very valuable book, and a gold medal, and paid with that money the board of a poor child, that had run away from his vicious parents, who wanted to bring him up to begging. Another time, he ſent ſecretly by the poſt ten dollars, along with a conſolatory note, to a poor widow, of whom he accidentally had heard a very good character. "O! my friend," ſaid I, when ſhe related this, "how bleſſed muſt the widow "of ſuch a man be! The tears of widows, "which God counts, will mix with yours, to "your bleſſing!"

Thus far I continued my journal after dinner. We were engaged almoſt the whole afternoon in receiving viſits; I had a great deal to relate, and ſeveral things to ſettle, and yet could, God be praiſed! think now and then with devotion on God, and, with

pious

pious ſenſations, on my deceaſed friend. —The whole day appeared to me to have been only an hour. We did not ſup before nine o'clock; prayed together, ſang ſome hymns, and went to bed at eleven o'clock.

JANUARY the Tenth.

TO-DAY my friend was buried—O! how ſhall I ſufficiently animate and collect my thoughts and feelings? How ſenſible am I, that I am ſtill very deficient in meditating on the moſt important objects of human knowledge.—O! God! how weak I am ſtill! —I have already paſt the meridian of life, and never yet dedicated half a day to the contemplation of myſelf, my deſtination, my mortality, and immortality. O! thou abominable

minable love of amuſement, thou foe to reaſon and true wiſdom! thou deſtroyer of peace of mind—thou robber of happineſs—thou ſource of all follies and vices! When ſhall I be freed from thy dictates, which prevent me from converſing with myſelf?

I will go to the coffin of my beloved friend, before it is ſcrewed up; I will go thither, and meditate there before the face of the Lord, and give vent to my grief; it may, perhaps, pleaſe God to bleſs my meditation in ſuch a manner, that this mournful but important day, may prove to me a ſource of everlaſting joy, and the beginning of a new and better life.

Thus far I wrote—went down ſtairs, and begged to be only one hour by myſelf—I opened the door of the room, where my deceaſed friend lay—the ſmell of corruption aſſailed me as I entered. I was ſeized with horror;

horror; however, I took courage, ſhut the door after me, opened the lid, rather fearfully, and placed it againſt the wall; removed, with ſecret awe, the cloth which covered the clay-cold face of my deceaſed friend, and looked at it awhile, half kneeling and muſing; this is the ſubſtance of my meditations:——

" Here thou art lying, my brother, thou " faithfulleſt and beſt of friends!—pale, cold, " ſpeechleſs, and without ſenſation, art thou, " lying in thy coffin, the limits of mortality " and human miſery.—My eyes are weeping over thee—thou ſeeſt me no more; " thy inexpreſſible mild, ſerene, never-to-be-" forgotten, and heart-piercing look, meets " my eyes no more. Alas! with a trembling hand do I take hold of thine; but it " does not return the preſſure of mine. " Thou haſt no ſpeech; not a word, not

" one

" one look; no preſſure of thy hand, no " breath for thy friend. Nothing is left to " me, but to ſtay a few hours with thy " corpſe, and all will be taken from me; " Alas! thy forſaken friend ſhall then have " nothing left of thee!——

" O! my brother! how many hours have " I ſpent by thy ſide!—how many joys and " pains ſhared with thee!—how much haſt " thou taught me!——but, alas! how much " more could I have learned! Open was " thy ear to truth, and inſatiable thy thirſt " after virtue—patient, like a lamb; hum- " ble, like a child, didſt thou cloſe thy days, " dreamed away ſo ſoon.—O! that I could " implore heaven to grant me a death-bed " like thine—thy heroic ſtruggles with thy " ſelf, and thy triumph over thy heart!— " Alas! only a few weeks ago, I received " a letter from thee—how little did I appre-

" hend

" hend that it would be the laſt—that I
" ſhould ſee thee only once more, only for a
" few hours—and then dying—and now
" dead.——Yes—dead—in thy coffin.——
" Alas! thy ſpeechleſs tongue, thy motion-
" leſs hands, thy ſtiff feet, tell it me but too
" plainly!—O! if I knew—if I could but
" faintly gueſs, that thou doſt hear me, how
" would I raiſe my voice, how loud exclaim:
" Do not forget me, my brother, do not,
" ſurrounded by immortals, forget a mortal
" man! And if thou ſtill canſt do any thing
" for me, O then intercede for me with our
" heavenly Father, that I may be enabled to
" live as piouſly, and die as tranquilly, as
" thou didſt live and die; pray, that two
" parts of thy ſincerity and humility, of thy-
" love to human-kind, and of thy genero-
" ſity, may be granted me.——

" Thou haſt ſent for me to thy death-bed

—thou

" —thou didſt ſmile at me ſo kindly when I
" came—thou heardeſt my prayer, which,
" alas! expired ſo ſoon!—thou gaveſt me
" thy bleſſing—but when I ſhall be ſtretched
" out and languiſh, and ſtruggle with death,
" I ſhall not have the heavenly pleaſure, and
" the unſpeakable comfort, of ſeeing thee
" by my death-bed, lifting up thy hands,
" and bending thy knees for me. No goſ-
" pel-comfort for me; no ſtrengthening
" prayer for me; no heart-conſoling hymn
" will then flow from thy lips, and pene-
" trate my faintly-hearing ears. Thou ſhalt
" not then ſee me; at leaſt I ſhall not ſee
" thee, nor know whether I ſhall be ſo
" happy of being ſeen by thee."

Hearing ſomebody come, I ſtarted up, wiping the duſt from my knees, and went to open the door. It was - - - - - - - I went to my room, inſerting my feelings in my

my journal, as well as I could remember them. Once more, thought I, I will go down, and converſe a few minutes longer with the corpſe of my beloved friend.

I was left to myſelf for half an hour.—How mournfully pleaſed was I in that awful ſolitude!—It is true, the marks of corruption filled me anew with horror on opening the door. I put the lid upon the coffin, leaving it open ſcarcely a third part.—"Alas!" thought I by myſelf, "I have ſeen "thy face for the laſt time, my now happy "friend! Alas! the traces of corruption "chaſe me away from the ſight of thee, "once ſo pleaſing to me: Alas! muſt I bend "my head ſo ſoon over thy half-ſhut coffin, "and tell my feelings, in a trembling ac-"cent, to this gloomy ſolitude, without "ſeeing thee.——

"O! I will once more vow to thee, on "thy coffin, to remember thy virtue, and

"thy

" thy friendſhip, until I alſo ſhall be ſtretched
" out in my coffin.—Yes, once more will I
" lay my hand upon thy heart—that hand
" which has cloſed thy eyes—I promiſe
" thee before God, and, perhaps, in the
" preſence of thy immortal ſpirit, that I
" will never *forget thee*; *I will live in ſuch a*
" *manner, as if thou wert ſtill a conſtant wit-*
" *neſs of my life—Good deeds, nothing but good*
" *deeds ſhall this hand perform*; *pious words*,
" *nothing but pious words ſhall flow from theſe*
" *lips, which are now pronouncing, over thy*
" *coffin, vows ſo ſacred.*"

Having walked up and down the room ſeveral times, I ſhut the coffin, a tear of friendſhip ſtarting from my eye; I went back to my room, in order to imprint this important hour on my memory, and, if poſſible, to engrave it indelibly on my mind, by writing my feelings carefully down.

If I may make a drawing of my ſituation, and

and if I can expect that an intuitive repreſentation of it will afford me ſome inſtruction, why then ſhall I not draw a deſign of it? Can there exiſt one which promiſes to afford me more inſtruction, and to make a livelier impreſſion on my mind, than this? —O! may I never forget thee, ſacred hour of my firſt view!—O! may I frequently contemplate thee, feint remembrance of my glorified friend!—Mayeſt thou deter me for ever from every folly, and every ſin; deter me as powerfully as his laſt ſpirited diſcourſe!——I put my hand to my burning forehead—touched my eyes--and—like a rapid torrent—this thought ruſhed on my mind: "Theſe eyes ſhall moulder away; "theſe limbs, which are ſo dear to me, "and ſo neceſſary, which appear, and which "I am ſo ſenſible to be very eſſential parts "of my being, ſhall all become uſeleſs and

" corruption—they are nothing: *Fleſh and*
" *blood cannot inherit the kingdom of heaven.*
" My friend is not corruption, he is immor-
" tal; but yonder in that coffin is mere
" corruption, and it contains not a ſpark
" of immortality."——It matters not, whe-
ther thy ſpirit, O my beloved! dwells among
corruption like God, who even in the grave
reſides—whether *thou*, who art dear to my
ſoul—not *thou* earthen veſſel, houſe of clay
—not *thou*, viſible image of the inviſible—
but *thou thyſelf*, thou inviſible light and life,
quietly reſteth yonder among the—alas! al-
ready noiſome—wrecks, like fire, covered
with cinders; or whether thou art out of
the reach of corruption, and the viſible
things be as inviſible to thy new-modelled
ſenſes, as night is to an inhabitant of the
ſun!—Yes, perhaps, thou art yet here; per-
haps cloſe by my ſide, but yet out of my
reach.

reach. God is here, he is every where; if thou, my dear happy friend, art living in him, then thou art in heaven; *for wherever God is preſent, there is heaven*; and he who feels and ſeeth God, is in heaven, although the eye of mortals ſhould ſee nothing around them but corruption; yea, nothing but hell(*c*). Therefore, wherever thou mayeſt be, my dear departed friend, thou art in heaven.

* * * * * *

A Quarter after Eleven o'Clock.

I now will go and ſee thee to thy grave, with thoughts as ſhall occupy none of the mourners, who are going to accompany thee;

(*c*) I need not to ſay that Mr. L. is no *profeſſor* of logic. T.

with ſenſations as even no female ſoul, among all thoſe who bewail thee, ſhall feel.

* * * * * *

I intended to follow, ſilently meditating, thy funeral train, my deareſt friend, whoſe loſs I feel more livelier every moment, and with encreaſing affection; but, alas! I found it very difficult. The moſt trifling objects were, at firſt, capable of amuſing and diverting me for a few moments; however, every diverſion, which wanted to intrude upon me, was diſguſting and inſupportable to me. I beheld with a mild, tranquil, and melancholy look, the black coffin upon the bier—Alas! that alſo is the laſt time! Diverſions were intruding again; I was angry with myſelf!—O! how could I, unfeeling wretch, think of any thing but thee.

The idea of the joy which the adoration and

and contemplation of God does now afford to my dear friend, deſcended with ſerenity and comfort upon my gloomy ſoul. I followed the funeral train, and the idea of the bliſs my departed friend enjoys, darted alſo a little through my ſoul.

* * * * * *

At the Cloſe of the Day, Six o'Clock.

" My God!" ſaid I to myſelf, " I muſt " pray with more fervour and perſeverance, " or I ſhall be the unhappieſt being on earth. " With this important day, with the pre- " ſent day will I therefore begin to exerciſe " myſelf in praying, and earneſtly and faith- " fully fix a particular time of the day for " that purpoſe. God will become my friend; " I will learn to converſe with him. I will " endeavour to become perfectly happy

" through my Creator, and heavenly Fa-
" ther: his love ſhall occupy my ſoul. I
" will every day, at leaſt once, without heſi-
" tating, fall on my knees, and pray for the
" love of Jeſus Chriſt, and the conſolation
" of the Holy Ghoſt: yes, I will go di-
" rectly and pray."

JANUARY the Eleventh.

I TRAVELLED back mournful, and yet replete with reviving and pious reſolutions.

I came to an inn, wholly occupied with meditations on death, and my own mortality. Four people were ſitting in the room: " Savage ſouls," thought I (they were talking in a low, vulgar manner), " how deeply

" are

" are ye immerged in night and infenſibi-
" lity. Ye are mortals, like myſelf, mortals,
" like my friend, and ſubject to death as
" well as we; but far diſtant from reflecting
" on death and eternity! Deplorable beings!
" who will remove the veil from your eyes!"
Thus I ſaid within myſelf, and was much exaſperated at every poſture, at every look, at every geſture and word of theirs.

I now pitied, and now deſpiſed them from the bottom of my ſoul. I thought they ought to feel what I was feeling, to have no other thought but that of their mortality, and to be as much occupied with ſerious meditations, as if they had juſt left the grave of a dear friend.

Their laughter, their geſtures—and their tobacco-pipes, appeared to me ſo ungodly, ſo thoughtleſs, that I was almoſt tempted to read them a ſevere lecture; however, the

ſerioufneſs of my own ſituation ſoon led me back again to myſelf. I ſent up to heaven, in their behalf, a few not very humble ſighs. "O God! open the eyes of theſe uninlight-"ened people." I went to one corner of the room, taking the New Teſtament out of my pocket, and read a little in it, grew angry at the noiſe theſe people made, and deſired the landlord to let me have a room to myſelf; having conducted me to one, he ſhewed me his ſon's ſtudy. "My ſon," ſaid he, "is a ſurgeon, and a great adept in "anatomy." He then preſſed me to ſee his collection of ſkeletons and fœtuſſes. I did not much like it at firſt; however, as ſoon as I entered the room, and beheld the drawers, I was much pleaſed, and looked upon that incident as ſent by providence. What diſguſted me moſt, was the garrulity of the landlord, and his repeating ever and anon,

anon, how ſorry he was that his ſon was not preſent.——I wiſhed to be left alone.—In order to get rid of him, I enquired whether he would not give me leave to examine the books.—" Certainly!"—He did not, however, gueſs at my drift. I took a book from the ſhelf, turning over its leaves, and put it again in its former place. I then took down another, with anatomical tables, aſking him whether I might take it with me into my room. " I ſhould be welcome to ſtay in the room, " and peruſe it there, as long as I ſhould like " if it would be more convenient;" ſaid he with great kindneſs, and left me. I laid the book down, took pencil and paper, and drew a ſkull, as well as I could, after one which I found in the room. Having finiſhed my drawing, I perceived that the ſkull could be taken off from the ſkeleton. I took it down, and held it in my hand ſome time.

" This,"

" This," thought I, " has been the ſkull of
" a human being, who once had life, as I
" have now. My body too, may be diſſected
" one time or other, and ornament the col-
" lection of an operator: perhaps my ſkull
" will alſo be looked at, drawn, taken down,
" and carried about. Is it poſſible that my
" head, this reſidence of ſo many intellec-
" tual powers, this mirror of the ſoul, ſhould
" one time reſemble this ſkull?—within this
" ſkull, which I am now holding in my hands,
" reſided formerly ſomething—that was of
" greater value than the whole inanimated
" creation.—Alas! my friend! alas! ſoon,
" ſoon, thou alſo ſhalt be a ſkeleton.—Hor-
" rible thought—I cannot bear thee any
" longer!—I now replaced the ſkull again
" on the ſkeleton, becauſe ſomebody was
" coming, and went to take a view of the
" little unripe fœtuſſes, which were pre-
" ſerved,

" ſerved in brandy—ſo little, and ſo unfi-
" niſhed, I alſo was once. O! what a weak
" beginning of my exiſtence! what a ſtrange
" end! I here behold the two limits of my
" abode on earth—I was at firſt, God knows
" what. I began to exiſt—My little frame,
" ſcarcely viſible to the eye, was fixed to a
" ſtring. I grew in ſize, my heart began
" to beat—it panted, it began to live—in
" the midnight darkneſs of my mother's
" womb. I was born with pains and
" groans—the navel-ſtring was cut aſunder
" —I grew a whining, helpleſs babe—fleſh
" and bone, living and ſenſitive; I grew in
" ſize, and exerciſed my limbs; fell ill, and
" recovered my health again; at preſent I
" am alive, and perhaps to-morrow, per-
" haps to-day, warmth and life may take
" their flight from my body. I then ſhall
" be ſtretched on my couch—my fleſh will

" be

" be lacerated—either by vermin or man—
" and my bones, alas! will be the only
" thing remaining of my frame I now be-
" hold, like that ſkeleton before my eyes.
" —O! what an unfathomable beginning,
" what an impenetrable end of my exiſt-
" ence on earth! How did I originate,
" when begin to exiſt? How this my frame
" will be changed, perhaps in a few days!
" O! what an evident proof is this, that an
" inviſible, almighty, and eternal ſpirit ex-
" iſts, to whom I owe my exiſtence; and
" that I have contributed nothing towards
" it, becauſe there is nothing of which I
" know leſs than of what concerns my ex-
" iſtence. Theſe meditations I revolved in
" my mind, and could not help thinking it
" very ſtrange, that moſt people diſregard
" themſelves ſo much, as never to reflect,
" with wonder and aſtoniſhment, on their

" own

" own exiſtence, the beginning and the end of
" their body, which ſeems to be ſo inſepara-
" bly and eſſentially connected with their
" being; and live—dream (I rather ſhould
" ſay) in conſtant amuſement and ignorance
" with reſpect to themſelves, and, as one
" might ſay—as aliens to themſelves.

" It came into my mind to provide myſelf
" with a human ſkull—the ſight of it will
" certainly remind me frequently moſt pow-
" erfully of my mortality; I ſhall then more
" frequently act wiſer, and with more ſeri-
" ouſneſs, and be leſs capable to forget the
" vow I made at the coffin of my friend."

I aſked the landlord whether his ſon could not ſpare me a ſkull; I ſhould like to take one home with me.—The lively, good-natured man knew not what to think of my requeſt; he fancied I was joking.—" What

" do

" do you intend to do with a ſkull," aſked he, ſmiling; " you are certainly no ſurgeon, " nor intend to become one; however, I " will give you one, I will account for it " to my ſon; I think it an honour to oblige " you with it." Having ſaid this, and many more kind things, he went directly to the cloſet, and brought me a beautiful white ſkull, duſted, and gave it me, with many encomiums on the ſkill of his ſon, whom he humbly and earneſtly recommended to my favour. I might keep it, he ſaid, he would make me a preſent of it.

Never has a gift afforded me ſo much pleaſure as this ſkull. I could not help looking upon it as a kind of relick—the former abode of an immortal ſpirit, for whom Jeſus Chriſt became man and died—I was ready to embrace the landlord out of gratitude—

" I never

" I never ſaw any thing ſo odd," ſaid he, " to rejoice in ſuch a manner at a ſkull— " Pray, Sir, tell me the reaſon of it!"

" I have," ſaid I, abruptly, " loſt a friend " a few days ago, and I wiſh never to loſe " ſight of my own mortality—that ſkull " there, which you was ſo kind to give me, " ſhall be my remembrancer."—" O!" replied he, " is it nothing elſe? that will ſoon " wear off: *Nullus Dolor, quem non Longin-* " *quitas Temporis minuat, atque molliat.*" This reply made me ſmile, and at the ſame time ſtaggered me—I took up the ſkull, went to my room, and continued my journal thus far; dined, and went away as ſoon as I had finiſhed my meal. Several incidents on the road, and the deſire to be with my wife and friends, diverted me, or rather diſpelled a little the gloom of my mind.—An old man was carrying a child in a baſket, which he ſet

ſet down now and then, nurſing the infant, and covering its feet from the cold.

It was four o'clock when I arrived at home; my wife ran to me, exclaiming, "How does your friend do?"—"Alas! he "is dead!" ſaid I, without ſhedding a tear, and without feeling that lively emotion with which I had left his grave.

I changed my clothes; the ladies ****, and their brother, were with my wife. I ſpoke much of my deceaſed friend; my narrative ſeemed to intereſt them; this made me more talkative and regardleſs. The attention of the company, the intereſt they took in my narrative, the applauſe I met with, and ſome other trifling incidents, effaced, by degrees, the ſerious and religious ſentiments which ſeemed to have occupied my heart this morning.

I alſo ſpoke of the innkeeper, his ſon, the

the anatomical collection, his recommendation—yet without mentioning any thing of the present he had made me—being, as I thought, too timid, and too much ashamed, to say a word about my (already pretty much over clouded) joy caused by a skull. I spoke also of the man I had met on the road, and thus began, by degrees, to be garrulous, and, at last, to joke and to laugh.——My conscience was not quite easy at it.

" My ladies, will you give me leave to " smoke a pipe? You indulged me with it " the other day."—" Why not?" I lighted my pipe, drank a glass of wine—and, as soon as they ceased talking—I blushed at myself. (Good God! how heavy didst thou let fall on my heart the judgment I pronounced to-day on the people in the public-house). I was silent for some moments. The whole company took notice of my discomposure,

and aſcribing it to the recollection of the loſs of my friend, endeavoured to comfort me, though very unſeaſonably. I went directly to my ſtudy, and made a drawing (God be praiſed that I could do it) of the company at the public-houſe, in order to ſhame myſelf, and to derive ſome inſtruction from it—and one of the company of this evening.—But what difference is there between the people at the public-houſe and me? They had *jugs of beer* before them, and I a bottle of pontac; they had *ſhort* tobacco-pipes, and I a longer one.—They were talking of *indifferent* things, forgetting their mortality and immortality, and did not come from the death-bed, and the funeral; but I did, was talking of it—and forgot, in a few moments, like theſe people, my mortality and immortality; my friend, and my vows.

I ate little at ſupper, did not pray with my

my family, under the pretext of being tired, and went to bed.

JANUARY the Twelfth.

I AWOKE half an hour after eight, lazy, fatigued, melancholy, and angry with myſelf; I got up, and was terrified when I ſaw my journal lying open upon the table. I neither read, nor prayed—having recourſe to the uſual ſecret excuſe, that I was not diſpoſed to do it—beſides that, ſome buſineſs had been accumulated during my abſence; a few letters were to be anſwered; and thus the whole morning ſtole away without my having once recollected to reflect on my deceaſed friend, or myſelf.

At dinner my mind was occupied with a

number of things. My wife begged me to relate to her all the particulars of the illneſs, and the death of my deceaſed friend—God knows, I did it reluctantly at firſt—O! Jeſus Chriſt! how double-minded is my heart.—I grew warm by degrees; my tears began to flow! ſhe wept with me, enquiring why I had not brought the widow with me.

I felt again as a man, as a friend, and, for ſome moments, as a Chriſtian—but, alas! why am I always ſo terribly alienated from myſelf?

I began to work, was eaſy, and not much confuſed; a tear ſtole now and then down my cheek—I ſighed ſeveral times, and the ſkull I had brought with me was, for the firſt time, not in vain, placed on my deſk.

Mr. *** was with me from four till five o'clock—my deceaſed friend, and the ſkull, were the ſole theme of our converſation.—I

was

was ſorry that my viſitor did not ſtay longer. At five o'clock I ſmoked a pipe, and read the newſpaper, being very ſerene, meditating, and replete with the beſt ſentiments. I then ſettled ſome money matters, and read the fourteenth and fifteenth chapters of St. Matthew. If the wicked king Herod, thought I, ordered the head of John the Baptiſt to be ſtruck off, on account of his having ſworn an oath, although it gave him great pain, ſhould not the merciful, true, and veracious God fulfil what he has ſolemnly promiſed.

Jeſus cured all the ſick who applied to him; fed, one time, more than five thouſand, and at another time more than four thouſand people, with a few loaves, and delivered his diſciples from their perilous ſituation on the lake.—Should I be miſtaken, if I were to make the following concluſion from it: "Conſequently Jeſus is alſo a Saviour from

" bodily miſery, who deſerves my belief,
" and my entire confidence. He not only is
" willing that my ſoul ſhould be happy,
" through him, in the world to come, but
" he alſo is ſufficiently powerful and in-
" clined to bleſs my belief, if I apply to
" him in bodily diſtreſs and dangers."——
Having finiſhed theſe meditations, I found a manuſcript of one of my friends, which muſt have been ſent during my abſence. I read it with great pleaſure, and ſhould have been glad to have kept it a little longer, but was deſired (in a note) to return it as ſoon as read.—It was a tract *on the Strength of the Soul.*—My heart burnt with the deſire of ſeeing it printed, or, at leaſt, of taking a copy of it. Having neither hope to ſee the one, nor leiſure to do the other, I tranſcribed a few paſſages in my journal.

" *The ſtrength of the ſoul*, of the virtuous,
" remains

" remains frequently concealed. He enjoys
" the rare happineſs of having no other
" witneſs of his virtue, but God, and his
" conſcience; however, the Judge of our
" actions, who does not overlook the leaſt
" thing, when weighing the value of our
" deeds, will add this concealment to the
" meaſure of the virtue of the righteous.
" His name will be contained in no other
" book, but that of life, and his ſecret
" greatneſs of mind will be a ſaving to him
" againſt the day of judgment. Whoever
" ſuppreſſes a dangerous paſſion, after having
" ſtruggled long, whether it would be better
" to overcome, or to be vanquiſhed; whoever,
" like the Emperor Titus, gives up his Be-
" renice, when his country calls to him,
" *Reſpect my laws!* ſhews *ſtrength of mind.*
" Yet his victory will not be known, if he
" does not act a principal part on the theatre

" of the world, and his virtue will be num-
" bered among the unknown private virtues,
" if he is no Emperor. God has, however,
" counted his tears:

" His guardian angel takes the charge
" Of all his tears; till, at the close
" Of time, they are transform'd to pearls,
" To ornament the victor's crown.

" One shews *strength* of *mind* against exter-
" nal and internal enemies. The former
" has always the advantage of being known;
" the latter, very frequently, remains un-
" known. How many people struggle, every
" day of their life, against rooted vicious in-
" clination, against prejudices, &c. &c. they
" struggle, and, perhaps, vanquish first—on
" the brink of eternity. Their names are
" recorded in the bills of mortality, and the
" whole congregation confounds them with
" the common herd. *Strength* of *mind* fre-

" quently

" quently degenerates in caprice, which " more frequently is cried up for it. Every " century, every nation, every town, and " every individuum, have their own ſcale " for poizing vice and virtue; whoever uſes " a different one, is looked upon by them " as an impoſtor - - - - - - - - - " - - - - - - - - - (*d*)."

After ſupper I ſmoked a pipe, reading in *Rouſſeau's Lettres de la Montagne*. What a riddle is that man! how much in contradiction with himſelf!—But who is not like him? Every one conceals that contradiction from himſelf, and from others; Rouſſeau ſpeaks as he thinks, confeſſes candidly all the contradictions of his underſtanding and heart, and of courſe offends the whole world. How-

(*d*) The publiſher thinks it his duty to leave out a great part of this extract.

ever,

ever, I could ſooner forgive him every thing, than his glaring ſophiſm, that the miracles of Chriſt are *only virtus*, and parallel to his legerdemains! O! God! enlighten his erring ſoul.

JANUARY the Thirteenth.

I ROSE to day at an early hour, after I had prayed with ſome devotion, firſt ſilently for myſelf, and then aloud with my wife. I wanted to reſume my reading in the Goſpel, where I had left off, but happening to turn up the hiſtory of Cornelius (Act. 10), I read it with the greateſt pleaſure. What affected me moſt, was, that the individual particular actions of man, are ſo much taken notice of and rewarded by our all bountiful Father in

in heaven. *Thy prayers, and thine alms, are come up for a memorial before God.* What an encouragement to have the Lord before our eyes in private, and to pray to him! What an encouragement to pray, and to exercise every virtue, though ever so much misconstrued by men. All, all of them notices, approves, and rewards, points out to us the author of every virtue.

I began to work—some person knocked at the door—I opened it—it was N****. I perceived that he wanted alms—very fortunately I recollected these words: *Thine alms are come up for a memorial before God.* "What "do you want?"—He begged me to lend him ten dollars.—I know that he is an honest man, thought I by myself, but he will hardly ever be able to return me the money.—"What security can you give me, my "friend?"—"My honesty." Poor cringing heart,

heart, why didſt thou deſire more? Why waſt thou tormented by a ſecret uneaſineſs and fear to loſe—What?—ten dollars, two pieces of metal, which thou haſt received to give away—poor heart!—and yet all the world calls thee charitable, and thy generoſity is praiſed.—Can that be called *to lend, where one has to expect nothing?*—Theſe reflections darted through my ſoul, one after the other. At length I ſaid, after ſome aſtoniſhment—"I will ſee what I can do; it is almoſt im-"poſſible; I don't know—it is rather too "much:" and yet I had already reſolved to give him the whole ſum, and knew that it was in my power to do it. Why then did I pretend to find it difficult? What a mean, mean affectation? Why do I ſtain even my good actions? And why can I not perform a ſingle action with a chriſtian ſpirit, and the ſimplicity of Jeſus Chriſt? Will not the omniſcient

omniſcient God notice theſe low mean evaſions, as well as mine alms? I counted him the money down, made him ſign a bond, and then reſumed my former occupations.

At eleven o'clock Mr. *** came to ſee me—"Is it true, that our friend is dead, and "you did not let me know it, and I muſt "hear it from ſtrangers?"

The melancholy air he aſſumed was intolerable to me; I made a ſhort excuſe, and repeated ſome of the laſt ſpeeches of my dear happy friend. How it grieved me that he affected to make an oſtentation of the nobleſt feelings, and artfully attempted to decry what my friend had ſaid with reſpect to ambition, as the fruit of a weakened underſtanding of a dying man.—"It is unjuſt," ſaid I, "if we have not the confidence in a "dying, honeſt man, whoſe humility and "ſimplicity is ſo little ſubject to the ſuſpi-

"cion

" cion of hypocriſy, that he will be more " impartial than the wiſeſt, who are ſtill " blinded by a thouſand reflections on the " world, and the opinion of men!"—He bluſhed.—" I hope you don't think that I " believe our friend has been an hypocrite?" —" No! that I do not think; however, I " wiſh you might feel what our friend, in " the laſt hour of his life, with ſo much ſim- " plicity, and ſuch an overflowing of entire " conviction, has ſpoken to my heart, as " forcibly as I, thank God! have felt it at " his death-bed." - - -

ſhe ſhould return to life again; becauſe ſhe was poor, and a burthen to her family. "O! "God! I thank thee," ſaid I to myſelf, "that "I have friends by whom I am beloved and "eſteemed. Aſſiſt me to employ every law- "ful means to preſerve their love to me— "but, at the ſame time, grant me the bleſ- "ſing to aſſiſt, with pleaſure and cheerful- "neſs, to the utmoſt of my ability, all thoſe "that are forſaken, that others may not do, "from ſelfiſhneſs, what want of friendſhip "and humanity might bid them to perpe- "trate! *If that perſon*," ſaid I, after a ſhort pauſe, "*had found a charitable protector, ſhe "would not have been treated ſo cruelly.*"

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After ſupper I peruſed my *rules*. Alas! this is but the thirteenth day of the new year, and I have already ſo frequently, and

ſo

ſo far ſtrayed from the ſtrait path of pure chriſtian piety.

How much uſeful knowledge could I have acquired in this important week! How good has my heavenly Father been to me! He has granted me almoſt every bleſſing he *can* beſtow on mortal man! I am in good health! my mind is, upon the whole, tranquil and ſerene; how many good thoughts, how many noble and unmerited ſenſations has he created in my heart!—Yes I have loſt, but alſo gained much.—O! that I might not ſo ſoon forget the death-bed of my friend—how abounding in unmerited mercy was this death-bed to me!—O! that I never may be undeſerving of it!—I read the journal of the whole week with bitter tears, with pungent ſhame—with much gratitude—and great fear of my own heart. Good God! how rapidly has this week ſlipt away!—Lord, teach me to reflect

on

on my mortality, that I may grow wiſe—let me live as when, on the brink of mortality, I ſhall wiſh to *have* lived!

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SUNDAY, JANUARY the Fourteenth.

I AWOKE at five o'clock. "Alas! "eight days ago," thought I, "my friend "was alive, and when I aroſe I received the "ſad news of his illneſs—I found him ſick "—and he died.—Now his lifeleſs corpſe "lies in the dark grave—the friend whom I "preſſed to my heart, is a prey to corrup- "tion—and his ſpirit is returned to him that "gave it him."—What may now be thy ſituation, my dear, happy friend? How little—how very little do we know of the life be-

yond the grave! Not a ray of that heavenly bliſs deſcends into the abyſs of our night:—What doſt thou think, O! my beloved friend?—No mortal being can conceive that! What are thy feelings?—No mortal man can feel that. Thou liveſt a new life, of which we, probably, can form an idea as little as a plant of the life of an animal, and an animal of the life of man. One moment of that life of immediate contemplation, perhaps, renders the ſon of a peaſant, born in a place which never has been viſited by a ray of human learning, or what we call the fine arts—a philoſopher; whoſe diſciple to be, Newton would not have been aſhamed, while in this world.—O! God! what will become of the wife, and the illiterate of this world!—But why do I not reflect upon myſelf? Am I not alſo a mortal? What will become of my ſoul? I alſo am a citizen of yon inviſible heavenly

heavenly world of light; I alſo am deſtinated to contemplate God, and to reſemble Jeſus Chriſt.—When this ſhall happen, O! thou omnipotent, inviſible being, whom I call *Father*, *Jeſus Chriſt*, and *Holy Ghoſt*, to whom I pray with trembling lips—Almighty, inexplorable—being of all beings! what will then become of *me*, of this ſelf; ſo incomprehenſible and inexplorable to me.—O! how my ſoul languiſhes to have here below a proſpect of my future exiſtence, of that divine life!——O! that I were permitted, my dear, happy friend, to look only for a ſingle moment into thy heart.—Alas! in the beginning of laſt week, I was ſo near thee, and now I am ſo far diſtant from thee!—thou heardeſt me, and I could hear thee—but now I call in vain for a word or a look from thee—an impenetrable gulph is fixed between thee and me—and yet how ſoon,

how very ſoon may I be with *thee*; live the life which thou art living; imbibe the light which thou art imbibing, and ſee the God whom thou art contemplating.—How rapidly has the time of my life ſlipt away to this moment! Soon, ſoon, I alſo ſhall be at the mark—at the mark which I can view as little as my eye can look at the ſun.—While I am revolving this in my mind, I am drawing nearer towards it; every breathing I perceive is a ſtep that carries me nearer towards that dazzling mark. O! God! enable my eyes to bear the brightneſs of that mark; at preſent, I am too ſenſible that I cannot ſtand it yet.—Theſe and ſimilar obſervations darted through my ſoul; I heard a few ſilent ſighs, and felt ſome inclination to riſe, and to write down the ſubſtance of them. I did it with ſome reluctance; I thought it was very cold, yet I attempted it, and wrote thus far.

I peruſed

I peruſed theſe reflections once more—not with a view of edifying myſelf, but becauſe I was ſecretly proud of them—out of—I will candidly confeſs it—Lord Jeſus Chriſt! meditations of a nature ſo ſerious—out of mean, ſecret vanity! It is true, tears ſtarted from my eyes—however, I am ſhocked at myſelf—even theſe tears ſeemed to proceed partly from vanity. Can I acknowledge this without bluſhing at myſelf?—but if ſomebody ſhould ſee it?—who can ſee it?—It was, nevertheleſs, vanity, my heart, thou ſhalt hear it, though it ſhould make thee burſt. It is vanity which makes thee dread ſo much, ſome perſon might ſee this confeſſion (*e*).

(*e*) The Editor, perhaps, will be blamed for not having omitted this paſſage; however, the continuation—or the uſeful view he has, and which cannot hurt the Author, will plead his excuſe.

O! thou mean, double-minded heart! how terribly quick is thy tranſition from the nobleſt ſentiments to the worſt. Have I not reaſon to be almoſt more afraid of my virtues, and pious ſenſations, than of my vices? —The former pleaſe (*f*) me but too ſoon, and too much; but the latter always diſpleaſe me! To be proud of our virtues, is fooliſh; I am very ſenſible of it. It is folly and madneſs to boaſt, even in the moſt diſtant manner, before an intimate friend—ourſelves, or God, of our virtuous ſenſations, thoughts, or deeds; for every, every thing comes from thy mercy, is thy gift—Father of my Saviour Jeſus Chriſt!

(*f*) Do not think it ſinful, chriſtian reader, if thy virtues afford thee pleaſure; for it is the will of God that thou ſhalt be pleaſed with whatever is good; but, at the ſame time, take care not to forget, that what thou art, thou art by the free grace of God, the ſole author of virtue. T.

Thus

Thus far I wrote, roſe, and walked up and down my room, bluſhing ſo much at myſelf, that I dropped a tear of wild anger with myſelf, and took a new onſet towards repentance: "This curſed paſſion muſt be rooted "out, if peace ſhall reſide in my ſoul. How "is it poſſible that I can ſtain the moſt holy "ſentiments, which flowed from a pure heart, "with ſo childiſh a vanity! I bluſh more at "it, than if I had committed a theft—and "yet—no day may perhaps paſs, without "my making myſelf guilty of the very error, "the heinouſneſs of which I at preſent feel "in ſo lively a manner."

I went to church, with the firm reſolution to be attentive, to meditate, and to apply, as much as poſſible, whatever I ſhould pray, ſing, and hear, as a nouriſhment and ſupport of my ſhame and repentance.

I did it with great difficulty, and only

with a lukewarm zeal—until the ſermon began; however, during the whole diſcourſe of the preacher, I forgot myſelf entirely, and did not hear it with a lively deſire to be edified, nor did I apply it to myſelf; but liſtened from the beginning to the end with curioſity, and the ear of a critic.—" This " effect," thought I, " —it muſt produce; " thus it will work on this perſon, and thus " on that—excellently characteriſed!"—I could have kiſſed the preacher:—but, alas! I did not reflect once upon myſelf. I was frightened a little at it when I recurred to myſelf, and recollected my reſolution. I therefore reſolved more firmly, to make up at home for what I ſo ſhamefully had neglected. I did it with ſome fervour; but I was ſoon tired; a wiſh that it might be dinner time, began to mix by degrees with my meditations:—" for," thought I, ſecretly within

within myſelf, " then I may amuſe myſelf, " and drop theſe humiliating ideas."

Before it was dinner time, I had an inclination to go to the harpſichord. My conſcience ſeemed not pleaſed with it; however, I ſtrove to ſilence it, flattering myſelf, that I could play ſomething which might expreſs my preſent ſenſe of repentance, and perhaps give it an additional ſtrength.—I ſat down, being only *half* convinced, and began with a lacrymoſo—without perceiving it, I began to play in a tender—melancholy—then in a tranquil—in a content—playful—brilliant—merry—and, at laſt, in a jocoſe ſtrain! In the midſt of a moſt airy ſherzo I recollected myſelf, and ſtarted up from my chair.—This is always the caſe, thou deceitful heart, when I liſten to thy whims, and plauſible excuſes: not purſuing ſtraitways and quickly, the path pointed out to me by my conſcience.

To

To day I heard that Mr. O—— uſed, every Sunday after church, to aſſemble his domeſtics, and to repeat the principal parts of the ſermon, to converſe with them in a uſeful manner, and to conſult, in the tender language of confidence, on what has been omitted in the week paſt, what is to be made amends for in the beginning of the week, or what elſe is to be done; and always to conclude with pious converſation, with a prayer flowing from the heart; I cannot but eſteem Mr. O—— for it. I have had many a proof of his ſerene and undiſguiſed piety, void of all vanity.—So much good has this worthy man been able to do, without much difficulty and noiſe!—I heard him ſay once, with the moſt amiable ſimplicity: "Whoever "*talks* much of virtue, will do ſo much the "leſs virtuous actions. One ought to act "firſt, before one talks of virtuous deeds;

"God

" God knows we can do whatever we wiſh, " if we only are in earneſt." Indeed this man has ſomething ſo pleaſing about him, is ſo gentle and modeſt, that I have frequently wiſhed to be a member of his happy family, or, at leaſt, one of his intimate friends!—But how I forget myſelf! I always neglect to *go*, and to *act*.

I am ſo fond of inſerting in my journal noble traits of others; I hear and relate them with ſo much pleaſure—and if I had now the good fortune to number Mr. O—— among my intimate friends—(I have a ſtrong preſentiment that God will make him my confidant, in the room of my dear, happy friend). I ſhould behold his virtues with pleaſure; I ſhould admire them; every page of my journal would ſpeak of them;—I ſhould do every thing that would ſeem to beſpeak delight in virtue, and a ſenſe of religion—I ſhould, however,

however, perform little; preparations, plans, diſcourſes on this or that ſubject, would not be wanting—and yet the chief object, the ſilent, ſimple performance of the duties of religion and virtue, would be neglected.—I am pleaſed with Mr. O——'s character; I find much in it, which greatly deſerves being imitated; I am charmed with his wife and pious inſtitutions and endeavours—I am enraptured with them—but why do I not rather attempt to imitate him? Why do I not ſpend the Sunday like him, if I am pleaſed ſo much with his proceedings?—I perceive but too clearly, that *lazineſs* and *habit* have no ſmall ſhare in my not being much inclined, at preſent, to introduce ſuch a new regulation; yet if I will be ſincere, I muſt take care not to aſcribe that remiſſneſs to lazineſs *alone*—becauſe it ſeems ſome other mean weakneſs has a hand in it.

" If

" If I do as he does—then it will be mere " *imitation*. If I had ſtarted that idea firſt, " then, perhaps, I ſhould have got the better " of my lazineſs; but now I think it would " cauſe me diſagreeable reproaches. One " would call me an *imitator*, an *ape*, a *ſervile* " *follower* of Mr. O——, and that would be " painful to me—yes, it would hurt my am- " bition, which I am ſo anxious to hide from " myſelf, and others." Theſe ideas, me-thinks, are lurking in the moſt ſecret and in-moſt receſſes of my heart. The merit of being the *firſt*, has ſomething charming for me—and now the laſt complaints of my de-ceaſed friend, againſt ambition, ruſh ſuddenly upon my recollection.—Jeſus Chriſt! who will tear theſe roots of that mean, dread-ful, childiſh, and ridiculous paſſion from my heart?

And yet, alas! I feel it, with a pleaſure

ſo

ſo lively, what it is to perform a good action with a pure ſoul, without art, and without paying the leaſt regard to the opinions of men; and yet when I am ſo happy to perform, or to have performed ſomething with a true ſpirit of chriſtian humility, I am always ſenſible that this only exalts virtue to its proper dignity—Why do I then conſtantly relapſe into the ſame folly, which appears to me ſo ridiculous and deteſtable?

Whatever is good cannot change its nature; I may be the firſt, or the ſecond, who does it. I will therefore go and perform it, though it be ever ſo diſagreeable to me, and ever ſo humiliating to my pride, to hear others exclaim: *that I only can ape other people.*

I converſed, during ſupper, on many good ſubjects; began to ſpeak of the ſermon, and put my family in mind of ſome poor people, whom we ought not to forget. I kept my meſſ-

mates

mates longer at table than uſual. I ſucceeded in ſtarting (as I fancied) in a ſimple, natural manner, many good ideas, and ſeaſonable admonitions. Every one was attentive and pleaſed.

" Have we not been very happy together? " Would it not be well to conclude every " Sunday in the ſame manner?"

No ſooner had I pronounced theſe words, when a heavy burden was taken from my heart—for this was what I wanted to mention in proper time.—We now joined in ſinging ſome hymns.—My wife was particularly pleaſed with this evening, and myſelf. I thanked God for it, and prayed to him to grant me *grace to continue*. This, perhaps, is one of the bleſſings which I owe to the prayers of my happy friend.

Thank God! this has been happily executed—O! what a pleaſure it is to have carried

carried a good deed—from the firſt point of an unripe reſolution—into execution.—— Strengthen me, ſtrengthen me, ſweet heavenly pleaſure, which ſprings from good actions, againſt the ſneaking voice of lazineſs and indulgence unnerving our ſouls—I will not beg ſtrength of thee, praiſe of man; thou canſt blind only for a few moments. Thou now appeareſt to me mean, and undeſerving of my moſt diſtant wiſh—O! that I might never ſwerve from this diſpoſition of mind, and could firmly rely upon it at all adventures—O God! thou author of every good ſentiment, I thank thee for the tranquillity of mind which thou art pouring out upon me, frail mortal: O! how ſtrongly do I feel that thy bleſſing is far ſuperior to all endeavours which are attempted without thee, and unaſſiſted by confidence in thy bleſſing—I thank thee for every ſigh to thee

drawn

drawn from my breaſt, by thy all-guarding providence.

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JANUARY the Fifteenth.

I BEGAN to read the ſixteenth and ſeventeenth chapters of St. Matthew, as ſoon as I was riſen, and after I had ſighed to God for ſome minutes, proſtrated myſelf on my face. —Every thing around me was ſo ſilent, my mind ſo eaſy, and ſo open to meditation and pious ſenſations—Only now and then an anxious apprehenſion, that I ſoon ſhould ſuffer myſelf to be diverted again, ſeemed to ruſh upon my heart.

I ſat down to inſert in my journal ſome reflections and ſenſations, which aroſe while

I was reading theſe two chapters. Matth. xvi. v. 23. *Get thee behind me, Satan: thou art an offence unto me:* FOR THOU SAVOUREST NOT THE THINGS THAT BE OF GOD, BUT THOSE THAT BE OF MAN. Theſe laſt words I found very noble. Neither the terror of the impending diſgrace, and the moſt dreadful ſufferings, nor the well-meant admonition and oppoſition of a friend, can make the heavenly friend of human kind loſe ſight, for a moment, of the purpoſe of his miſſion into the world. He who is all meekneſs grows angry—at what? at the oppoſition which is made againſt the execution of the moſt difficult taſk, which can be impoſed upon a ſenſible being, at his being oppoſed to be executed as a criminal.—O! that only a ſpark of this noble zeal for God might light upon my cold, lazy, and timid ſoul, given ſo much to eaſe! I do indeed, gene-

rally,

rally, *not favour the things that are of God, but thoſe that are of man*; however, if the ſpirit of Chriſt did animate me, the mind ſhould be in me, which was alſo in Jeſus Chriſt, who is my Lord and Maſter.

Whoſoever will loſe his life for my ſake, ſhall find it—What could now prevent me to ſacrifice all my faculties in the ſervice of Jeſus Chriſt? *What is a man profited, if he ſhall gain the whole world, and loſe his own ſoul? Or what ſhall a man give in exchange for his ſoul?*—Every man, and of courſe, I alſo, muſt be very dear to God, elſe Jeſus Chriſt would not have been angry, becauſe he was diſadviſed to ſuffer, and to die for me—*deſtroy not him for whom Chriſt died:* ſays St. Paul, Rom. xiv.—Can I therefore neglect my ſoul for a ſingle moment?—We are ſo proud of periſhable, external prerogatives; but it is quite the contrary with the internal ones,

which are of more value than the whole world!

Matt. xvii. v. 5. *Behold! a voice out of the cloud, which ſaid: this is my beloved ſon, in whom I am well pleaſed; hear ye him.* O! that this voice, this evidence of God, might thrill my marrow and my bones, when, in the hours of temptation, the ſecret voice of my paſſions attempts to whiſper in my ſoul doubts againſt the God-head of my Lord. —Could his diſciples eyes and ears be deceived? Are theſe the words of an impoſtor, or a credulous perſon, who dares to write: *We have not followed cunningly deviſed fables, when we made known unto you the power and coming of our Lord Jeſus Chriſt, but were eye-witneſſes of his Majeſty, for he received from God the Father honour and glory: when there came ſuch a voice to him from the excellent glory:* THIS IS MY BELOVED SON, IN WHOM I AM

WELL

WELL PLEASED; *and this voice, which came from heaven, we heard when we were with him in the Holy Mount.* (2 Pet. i. v. 16--18).—O! God, I thank thee that I am fully ſenſible of this truth—*Jeſus of Nazareth is thy ſon*—O! excellent truth, which contains all others that can be important to me.—Grant me, O Father! to hear this thy Son, hear *him* alone, at all times, readily and faithfully. ———Matt. xvii. v. 19--20. *Why could not we caſt him out?—becauſe of your unbelief* (a ſimilar paſſage ſays: *he did not many wonders at Nazareth—becauſe of their unbelief*).—*Unbelief* therefore, nothing but unbelief prevents Jeſus Chriſt from evincing his power on us.

Matt. xvii. v. 27. *Leſt we ſhould offend them, go thou to the ſea, and caſt an hook, and take up the fiſh that firſt cometh up: and when thou haſt opened his mouth, thou ſhalt find a piece of money,*

that take, and give unto them for me and thee. How inſtructive: *Leſt we ſhould offend* them: —Jeſus the Son of God would not have been bound to pay the temple-duty—but he will give no offence—rather forego his prerogative, than give offence—I feel how noble this was—Let me imitate thee, my beſt and deareſt Maſter!—Jeſus Chriſt is ſo poor, that he and his diſciples do not poſſeſs ſo much as two ſhillings (*g*): *Though he was rich, yet for our ſakes he became poor, that we through* his poverty might become rich; 2 Cor. viii. v. 9. How much matter for meditation!—Here I ought to reflect on, and to apply to myſelf, another word of our Lord: *The diſciple is not above his maſter, nor the ſervant above his lord. It is enough for the diſciple that he be*

(*g*) Stater. Shekel of the ſanctuary, about 2s. 6d.

as

as his maſter, and the ſervant as his lord (Matt. x. v. 25).—*Go thou to the ſea, and caſt an hook, and take up the fiſh that firſt cometh up, and when thou haſt opened his mouth, thou ſhalt find a* STATER.—How occularly this demonſtrates the omniſcience of God!—Jeſus Chriſt of courſe ſees every piece of money I poſſeſs; that I ſhould give away, and yet keep back. O let me ponder this when the poor cometh, and begs a charity.

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This day has been ſpent well; I had an opportunity of performing ſeveral important charitable actions.—O God! let them have an ever ſalutary effect on the hearts of thoſe I have relieved! Now I am very tired, and it is late; I cannot inſert in my journal at large, what has happened to-day; and, beſides, our Saviour ſays: *let not thy left hand*

know what thy right hand doeth (Matt. vi. v. 3.) I am not certain that this journal will never be ſeen by others, though I may be ever ſo precautious.——And what I have done to-day, nobody living ſhall know, but thou, my God and Saviour, until that day when every thing that is concealed ſhall be made known, and publicly rewarded by Thee.

JANUARY the Sixteenth.

I CONSIDERED laſt night what might be the reaſon that ten or, perhaps, twenty years ago, I had made greater progreſs in Chriſtianity, than at preſent, though bleſſed by the ſame, and additional, and more efficacious means of grace—and with the ſame ſincere deſire to become entirely good and

and virtuous which then animated me. I traced the true reaſons of that lamentable ſtand with impartial rigour, and ſilent attention, and found, at laſt, clearly, that it proceeded from the following cauſe—I had cultivated with the greateſt diligence the acquaintance of men of the beſt character, and the worthieſt divines. I was ſo fortunate to get acquainted with the moſt celebrated members of that order. A more intimate connexion with them convinced me that they, at the bottom, were equally ſenſual, and, at leaſt, as much as myſelf, attached to diverſions, I mean thoſe which are held more genteel; they ſtrove, like the generality, although in a different manner, in their own way, to pleaſe the world, and to be looked upon by every body as good and worthy people.—This gave me, by degrees, a good opinion of myſelf, although it

ſtruck

ſtruck me at firſt. Theſe great men, eſteemed by every body as patterns of virtue, were, in good and ſerious companies, good and ſerious, much like myſelf—In the company of wits and lively people they endeavoured to diſplay their wit and ſprightlineſs —they grew merry, and, as I fancied, betrayed now and then childiſh vanity, when religion happened to be the ſubject of the converſation—then I heard, indeed, ſome affected common place remarks, in the faſhionable language of the book which they ſeemed to have read laſt, and repeated without feeling.

This manner, this tone, was called *good breeding:* it was not called *conforming to this world*, but *to pleaſe all men in all things*, not *to ſerve God and Mammon*, but *to rejoice with them that do rejoice.*

When I came home, and reflected upon myſelf,

myſelf, I rejoiced ſecretly that I, at leaſt, had not played, danced, or uttered wanton words—and that theſe great and reſpected men were ſo fond of me.

However, what good had I done, heard, or ſpoken? Moſt certainly, little or nothing at all; to confeſs the truth, I was as regardleſs, vain, and worldly minded as I had been before; yet I was not worſe than other people, and perhaps better, becauſe I was no clergyman, and frequently had been miſled by the prejudice that a clergyman ought, by virtue of his office, to be a little more pious than myſelf, being a lay-man. This idea made me, by degrees, more indifferent to Chriſtian piety, and more tardy in doing good, and averſe from every virtue which ſeemed to require more than common exertion and watchfulneſs.

Every

Every thing contributed to tempt me to improve only ſo much in virtue, as would be requiſite to render me happy in this world; and to gain the good opinion of people of all claſſes; in particular of thoſe who were renowned for wiſdom and honeſty. I read the neweſt moral publications, diſplayed in companies fine and well worded ſentiments, and neglected on the other ſide almoſt entirely, thoſe better means of attaining true piety, prayers and the reading of the Bible. I prayed, indeed, now and then, but without a lively ſenſe, without a heart-elevating conviction of the neceſſity and the powerful effects of prayers; I read in the Bible, but frequently, only to be able to ſay, that I had read it; I alſo cannot conceal from myſelf, that the ſimplicity of the Bible which now appears to me to be the moſt unequivocal

cal ſtandard of truth, frequently offended my taſte, and that I paſſed lightly over certain paſſages which now appear to me very important and material, only becauſe thoſe clergymen I was ſpeaking of, never cited them, and I fancied to obſerve that they uſed to paſs them over with a ſingular anxiety, ariſing, God knows, from what ſource—I mean thoſe paſſages which contain the principal doctrines of Chriſtianity, as for example: thoſe which treat on regeneration, on the god-head of Chriſt; on the real, not only moral redemption from ſin through Jeſus Chriſt, as far as it is immediately connected with his obedience unto death, and his voluntary ſacrifice; on juſtification through faith; on the immediate aſſiſtance of the Holy Ghoſt in true ſanctification; on the entire denial of the world; on the duty of doing every thing, though

ever

ever ſo indifferent, in the name and as a diſciple of Jeſus Chriſt, &c. &c.

In the light in which I, miſguided by theſe gentlemen, had uſed myſelf to view the Bible, I could ſee neither the excellence nor the divine origin of it; on the contrary, all other books had a greater effect upon my heart, becauſe I read moſt of them with more attention. I even did not think that there were paſſages in that book which I did not underſtand, nor that I ſhould find in it ſome new and great truth—that every thing which was ſaid in it to men in general was alſo of great concern to me.—A dreadful prejudice (O! God, how much gratitude do I owe thee, that thou haſt opened my eyes) had by degrees, ſtolen upon my underſtanding, and at the ſame time taken full poſſeſſion of my heart—viz. that the precepts and promiſes of the Goſpel did concern, and

and in ſome reſpect excluſively, only the firſt Chriſtians (*h*). This I had heard ſaid by theſe intelligent divines, ſo frequently, and on ſo many occaſions, ſometimes without diſguiſe, and ſometimes indirectly, that my former ſimple belief in the immediate authority and infallibility of the Bible dwindled away imperceptibly, and that, at length, I could not but obſerve that my pretended Chriſtianity was at bottom nothing but a

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(*h*) This matter is here not diſtinctly enough expreſſed, and in general has not yet been placed in its proper light. The opinion which the author here combats, is, perhaps, not ſo dreadful as he fancies, if ſtated properly and with the requiſite reſtrictions. Every diſcourſe or book, no matter whether divine or human, is always regulated after the individual relation exiſting between its author and thoſe to whom it is addreſſed; and future readers, or foreign auditors, ought to apply them to themſelves, only as far as they are in the ſame, or ſimilar ſituations and relations.

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very refined deiſm, in ſpite of my endeavours to conceal it from myſelf, and the frequent invectives which, in our company, were uttered againſt unbelief and deiſm.—My friends alſo ſpoiled my heart not a little, by their too frequent flatteries. They ſpoke much of the few good qualities they fancied I had, and valued them by far too high. They were too indulgent to my faults, and always pleaded my good heart as an excuſe; they thought it impoſſible that I could ever be guilty of malice. My honeſty ſeemed now and then to draw from them a ſmile ſo ſweet and ſo pleaſing, that I diſplayed frequently a ſenſe of probity which was not even on the ſurface of my heart:—They diverted me as ſoon as I ſhewed ſigns of uneaſineſs. My ſecurity, which really frequently was nothing but the moſt thoughtleſs careleſsneſs, they miſtook for

for contentment; my giddineſs appeared to them cheerfulneſs, my—indeed frequently ſecret—malicious—criticiſm on others, particularly on thoſe who were not very high in their favour, and whoſe opinions in philoſophical and theological matters were different from theirs, they called wit.—Alas! if they had called theſe things by their proper names, I ſhould never have ſunk ſo low.

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JANUARY the Seventeenth.

THUS far I wrote after I was riſen. Obſervations of that nature I am wont to evade under various pretexts, God be praiſed, that I have wrote them down at length.

I was very buſy all the day; I had two

viſits, one from Mr. M—— and one from Mr. S—— which left not many good impreſſions behind.—Why can I not always turn the converſation on uſeful ſubjects? Why do I ſuffer myſelf to be ſo eaſily guided by other people? O! God! how ſoon do I loſe ſight of my duty and deſtination!

In the evening I read in Rabener's Satyres.—I know no ſatyric equal to him in point of morality; one ſees, in ſpite of his ſportive fancy, that he always has laudable views. How much ſuperior does he appear to me in this reſpect to Swift; yet I cannot but confeſs—That the reading of this book did me not much good *to-day*—I hardly could lay it down; I began to laugh, and every ſerious idea vaniſhed. There was time enough left for reading in the Bible for half an hour, or for praying; however, my heart

heart was averſe from it. I had not the leaſt deſire to do it. I ſmoked a pipe, and read the newſpaper.

Mr. **** invited us to dine with him to-morrow; I am, indeed, not quite eaſy at it; however, methinks, I want to conceal this uneaſineſs from myſelf, and to paſs it lightly over; this is no good ſign, my heart! why wilt thou not, with reſignation, examine whether it be right or not to idle away the beſt part of the enſuing day? Why do I feel ſuch a ſtrong averſion to prepare myſelf for ſuch a day, and ſuch a company? To reflect upon, and to imprint deeply on my mind, the principles which can be applied to all poſſible ſituations in which man ever can come. Thoſe principles which I ſhall ſtand ſo much in need of to-morrow?—Can I conceal from myſelf, that the nice dinner to which I am invited, already charms my

dainty palate, and that ſuch a turbulent noiſy day has never been advantageous to me, but always has had a bad effect on my heart and conſcience? - - - - - - - -

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JANUARY the Eighteenth.

I COULD have known before hand that yeſterday would cauſe me a great deal of uneaſineſs; thank God that I am at liberty to dedicate this morning to meditations.

I ſpent almoſt the whole morning with drawing four deſigns.—If I were to write down the ideas and ſenſations which crowded upon me during this occupation, a whole day ſcarcely would be ſufficient.

Sometimes I hardly dared to lift up my eyes;

eyes; the idea of the death-bed of my friend was insupportable to me; the total want of pious sentiments, and of virtue, as well as the ruling thoughtlessness of yesterday, grieved me so much, that I rose several times, putting paper and pencil aside, and, angry with myself, ran up and down the room, groaned, wept, and trembled at my invincible giddiness and inconstancy. I must, however, finish my drawings, thought I; seating myself again, and fixing my meditations principally upon the whole course of this present day, and on my gradual progress in thoughtlessness.

First of all, I had prepared myself neither in the morning nor in the evening, in spite of all the admonitions of my heart; I had not taken particular measures which was absolutely necessary, according to many sad experiences, if I would remain master of

myſelf, wiſe and virtuous. I had a very diſtinct preſenſion that the other day would not be ſpent well. I prayed, in the morning, without devotion—I was thoughtleſs—my conſcience was not quite ſilent; I reaſoned, however, againſt its ſecret admonitions, whiſpering ſoftly in its ear, " There " certainly will be no harm in going to dine " with a friend. Jeſus Chriſt, himſelf, " went to the wedding at Cana. If it be " no ſin to go out to dinner, then, certainly, " it will be right to dreſs myſelf properly; " and to have my hair put in order alſo, " will be no ſin! To conſult the looking-" glaſs whether one is dreſſed cleanly and " properly can, at moſt, be childiſh—but it " can certainly not be ſinful." I went; one hour, or one hour and an half were ſpent in gazing, gaping, and chattering. " It " would, however, have been impoſſible to

" ſay

" ſay ſomething uſeful; it would have been
" the moſt ridiculous and unſupportable af-
" fectation if I had attempted to force ſome
" moral or chriſtian converſation upon the
" company! Our diſcourſe was, at leaſt,
" not ſinful."

We ſat down to table—began to chatter and to laugh: I joined in laughing, and the curſed itch of amuſing, and intereſting a whole company by my talk, raiſed my ſpirits; I contributed my ſhare of anecdotes—and then went on by degrees, till not the leaſt ſpark of ſerioufneſs was left in my ſoul. Every moment which was unoccupied by narrations, every pauſe between anecdote and anecdote, rendered me uneaſy. This was quite ſufficient for me not to decline an airing in ſledges, " That exerciſe"—thought I—" is innocent and wholeſome; " it will pleaſe the ladies; how odd would

" it be if I were to affect a pious mein, and " retire from the company. How abſurd " would it be to bring religious ſubjects on " the carpet in a ſledge, which advances ſo " rapidly that one muſt take care not to be " thrown off one's guard, and where one " intends to enjoy an innocent pleaſure!"

This argument ſeems, in the moment of amuſement, and in the ſituation itſelf, to be pretty juſt.—However, the ſum of all theſe ideas and arguments is, nevertheleſs, the *loſs of a day* (not to mention a word of the conſequences of *bad example*, which may be much more dreadful, than we perhaps ever imagine) the loſs of a day—what an irreparable loſs!—Who gives me the liberty and the right to throw away a day, which is the property of my God? A whole day not to live as my Lord and Maſter wants me to live! To conform to the world a ſingle day.

To

To neglect one day to ſow ſeeds for the harveſt of eternity!—What a dreadful deluſion! O! God! how much good could I have done yeſterday; how much good which now has not been and never will be done!—Although whatever I have done ſhould have been innocent, and whatever I have omitted ſhould have been omitted innocently, after the opinion of all moraliſts, yet I cannot but reflect with inward grief, that this day could have been ſpent in a manner more uſeful to myſelf and others in all eternity.—A merchant who *could* have gained a thouſand dollars in one day, and *has* gained only three or four, will ſcarcely perſuade himſelf that he has had a good day, although ſome other perſon who is uſed to gain little or nothing in many days, would think that trifling ſum large enough.

Yet many people might, perhaps, think that

that it would be too anxious, to weigh our days in that manner—however, he who knows how much good we can do in one day, will certainly think one day which he has idled away, a very lamentable loſs. Beſides the idea of the death-bed of my friend forces itſelf conſtantly on my imagination, though ever ſo much againſt my inclination. How ill ſpent would I think ſuch a day to be with every other perſon, and how much ſhould I pity ſuch a perſon if I were to view it by the ſide of a dying man!

" Live, as thou at the gates of eternity " ſhalt wiſh to *have* lived"—can I repeat this too frequently—Whatever prevents me from reflecting with tranquillity and pleaſure on my laſt moment ſhall be ſuſpected by my heart, although the whole world ſhould declare it innocent;—or, which is the ſame, whatever I do not perform in the name, as a diſci-

a diſciple and follower of Jeſus Chriſt, what Jeſus Chriſt in my place, and in my ſituation would not have done, and what I would not do if he were viſibly ſtanding before me!

I prayed, not without repentance and devotion, for the forgiveneſs of my ſins, particularly thoſe of the other day. O! God! prevent, through Jeſus Chriſt, all bad conſequences of my thoughtleſſneſs and inattention. Thou canſt and wilt do it—O what an ineſtimable comfort is this—how little do we value it? - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -

I went to bed at half an hour after eleven, and prayed for conſtancy in my good reſolutions; I heard the watchman cry twelve o'clock, and then fell aſleep.

JANUARY

JANUARY the Nineteenth.

ALTHOUGH I had ſat up laſt night later than uſual, yet I awoke before ſix o'clock, with an uncommon tranquillity and ſerenity; I ſighed, and thanked God for it. As ſoon as my wife awoke I told her how ſerene I was; however, I would not boaſt of that ſenſation, becauſe it was perhaps not ſo deeply rooted in my heart, as it appeared; I told her, it was no merit to be eaſy at heart when there ſeemed to be no occaſion for uneaſineſs. But to remain tranquil when people do whatever they can to diſturb our peace of mind; then not to loſe one's equanimity—is the effect of ſuperior wiſdom and a firmer virtue. Our converſation became more and more ſerious; I ſaid (thank God, with

with conviction, and not without ſhame and ſorrow), " I become every day more ſenſi-
" ble, that I am not yet a true diſciple of
" Jeſus Chriſt; I ſhould be horribly miſ-
" taken, if, in ſpite of all the good qualities
" I may have attained, which I am not in-
" clined to deny out of a falſe humility, I
" were to fancy to poſſeſs only in a tolerable
" degree, that faith and love which the
" Goſpel ſo clearly requires."

My wife fancied that I carried matters rather too far; that I made myſelf uneaſy without need—" You have," ſhe ſaid, " vir-
" tue and your eternal happineſs more at
" heart, than a thouſand other people; you
" do every day ſo much good, and I am
" convinced you do it with the greateſt ſin-
" cerity of heart—why ſhould you be diſſa-
" tisfied with yourſelf? Who could hope to

" be

" be ſaved, if one muſt be better, and do " more good than you."

I can ſay that I heard this ſpeech of my wife, not only with indifference, but alſo with pungent ſhame, and almoſt with tears; though it came from the lips of my tendereſt friend, and the ocular witneſs of my life.

" Alas!" ſaid I, " we deceive ourſelves in " a moſt ſhocking manner, if we compare " ourſelves to other people, and not to our " great and ſole prototype. Do you think, " my deareſt love, God will judge us after " the example of thoſe who are worſe than " ourſelves, or after the law of liberty? Do " you think it poſſible, according to the na- " ture of things, to ſhare the happineſs of " Chriſt, if the mind is not in us which was " alſo in Jeſus Chriſt? Is not the pureſt love

" of

" of God and man, the natural and imme-
" diate ſource of the happineſs of a mortal
" being? Although God be ever ſo power-
" ful and merciful, yet he cannot take us
" into his communion without that love; and
" without the communion with him, we
" ſhall be as little capable of true happineſs,
" adequate to our rational, moral, and ſpi-
" ritual nature, as an idiot, or an unlettered
" man is ſuſceptible of the pure pleaſures
" of wiſdom and meditation; our ſoul can,
" without an intimate and immediate com-
" munion with God, be as little happy, as
" our body can live without air.

" Love God above all things, and thy
" neighbour like thyſelf.—O my God! how
" far diſtant am I ſtill from that mark! No
" general love, including all human-kind!
" No love, as St. Paul deſcribes it, 1 Cor. xiii,
" is in my heart—No love of God—Alas!

" my

" my dear! and my heart is ſtill enſlaved by " ſo much thoughtleſſneſs, heavineſs, weak- " neſs, worldlineſs, vanity, ambition, and " iraſcibility.—I never can be ſure; to be, " only one day, I will not ſay, perfectly vir- " tuous, but only free of all voluntarily, " excited, or foſtered emotions of theſe " vices!"

I roſe not before eight o'clock, and read the eighteenth and nineteenth chapters of St. Matthew. My ſentiment for this day ſhall be: " *Verily I ſay unto you, except ye be* " *converted, and become as little children, ye* " *ſhall not enter into the kingdom of heaven:* " *Whoever ſhall therefore humble himſelf as this* " *little child, the ſame is greateſt in the kingdom* " *of heaven.*"

I find this ſentence more grand, than it can be expreſſed by words. O, my good God! let my whole deportment, and my moſt ſecret

ſecret ſenſations, be a living interpretation of theſe words! - - - - - - - - -

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This was one of the beſt days of this year. To-day—thanks to thee, O merciful God! —I have lived—*all in all*—true to all my principles, as much as poſſible!

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JANUARY the Twentieth.

I ROSE at ſix o'clock. It was cold; and I was not quite well, and tempted to lay myſelf down again; however, I wrapt myſelf in my peliſe, lighted the fire, which employed and amuſed me half an hour, but gave me head-ache and tooth-ache—I was angry with myſelf—yet I read the twentieth

and twenty-firſt chapters of St. Matthew. The ſentiment I choſe for the preſent day was: *All things whatſoever ye ſhall aſk in prayer, believing, ye ſhall receive.*

I reflected ſeriouſly upon theſe words, having little elſe to do, and felt an uncommon tranquillity and ſerenity in my ſoul at it.—One ſimilar paſſage after the other occurred to my recollection.—I was aſtoniſhed that ſuch a number of plain paſſages, treating on the efficacy of devout prayers, which I had ſo frequently heard and read, ſhould now, for the firſt time, ſtrike me ſo powerfully; I rejoiced however as much at it, as if I had found a great treaſure.—Yet I was very ſenſible that I was ſtill deſtitute of faith, and a lively attachment to the divine truth —I ſighed therefore, that that faith which is acceptable to God, might be encreaſed and animated within me.

In

In the afternoon Mr. M—— came to see me. My whole heart was replete with the new truth which I fancied to have found out. I conversed with him upon it; he listened attentively to me with a smiling mien, and at last said: "It is very remarkable, that "you introduce this subject to my attention; "I assure you, that in spite of what one is "used to observe, in order to restrain these "divine promises, I am fully convinced that "we wrong the Gospel very much, if we "deny that the great reward, which has "been promised to faith and prayers, does "not extend to our times. However, I can-"not but confess, that to this hour I have "kept this conviction to myself, apprehend-"ing to expose myself to idle litigations of "words and ridicule; but now I will thank "God, that he has granted you the same "persuasion."

He then related to me, with an amiable ſimplicity, modeſty, and warmth, ſeveral extremely remarkable incidents of very ſtriking and almoſt wonderful grants of prayers, which he himſelf had experienced in very important concerns, and of which he as yet had ſpoken to no one. He begged me to divulge to no one, even not to my wife, what he had told me; I promiſed it: the tears ſtarted ſeveral times from my eyes; I thanked God, with great emotion of heart, for this confirmation in my faith, for which I had prayed to-day. O God! how good, how unſpeakably more merciful art thou than men will believe thee to be, notwithſtanding all thy poſitive promiſes! They diſpute thy goodneſs, inſtead of ſimply trying to experience it, according to the inſtruction of thy Goſpel.

O! give me the ſpirit of ſimple filial faith, and

and I ſhall certainly experience, that, although heaven and earth ſhould paſs away, yet the words of Jeſus Chriſt never will.

Theſe reflections employed me the whole day—and yet—I did not pray half an hour without interruption.—O! how giddy is my heart! how much does it act in contradiction with itſelf! when ſhall it be wholly conformable to its feelings.

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JANUARY the Twenty-firſt and Second.

THESE two days I had the tooth-ache, though not very violent, and a ſwelled face. I could neither read nor write much; and now I am not at leiſure to write down ſeveral ſituations of my mind which I have obſerved.

My wife read to me Jeruſalem's Sermons on the Bleſſings of Heaven.—My mind was very tranquil and ſerene.—Theſe two nights I had the fourth and fifth canto of the Meſſiah read to me. What a paſtime for the mind, and the heart!—What an excellent performance it would be, if a poet would paint with majeſty and ſimplicity, and without *fiction*, the life, and all the deeds of Chriſt; in ſhort, the whole hiſtory of the Goſpel! - - -

I became more eaſy, as ſoon as I began to read in the Goſpel.—I read three chapters of St. Matthew, and choſe, as a ſentiment for this day, the words: *Thou ſhalt love thy neighbour as thyſelf!*———I drank chocolate, wrote a letter to O—, and another to N—. To the latter I remitted a book, which he had lent me long ago. I recollected the requeſt of my deceaſed friend; elſe I ſhould have felt ſome reluctance to return the book; God knows, not out of diſhoneſty or ſelfiſhneſs, but partly from lazineſs and commodiouſneſs, and partly becauſe I was rather aſhamed of having kept the book ſo long; I would willingly have given him one into the bargain, if that would have ſpared me the ſhame of my negligence. - - - - - -

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My ſervant aſked me after dinner, whether ſhe ſhould ſweep my room. "Yes,

" but you muſt not touch my books, nor " my papers." This I ſpoke not with the gentle, mild accent of a good heart! No! a ſecret uneaſineſs and fear, that it would give me ſome vexation, ſeemed to have taken place in my heart. After ſhe had been gone ſome time, I ſaid to my wife, " I am afraid " ſhe will cauſe ſome confuſion up ſtairs." My wife ſtole away a few moments after, with the beſt intention, in order to prevent any vexation of that ſort, and commanded the ſervant to be careful.—" Is my room not " ſwept yet?" I exclaimed at the bottom of the ſtairs. However, inſtead of waiting patiently for an anſwer, I ran up ſtairs, and on my entering the room, the ſervant overturned an ink-ſtand, which was ſtanding on the ſhelf. She was very much terrified; and I called to her in very harſh terms: " What " a ſtupid *beaſt* you are! Have I not poſi-

" tively

" tively told you to be careful?"—My wife followed me up ſtairs, ſlow and fearful.—Inſtead of being aſhamed, my anger broke out anew; I took no notice of her; running to the table, lamenting and moaning, as if the moſt important writings had been ſpoiled and rendered uſeleſs; although the ink had touched nothing but a blank ſheet, and ſome blotting paper.—The ſervant watched an opportunity to ſneak away, and my wife approached me with timid mildneſs. " My " dear huſband," ſhe ſaid—I ſtared at her with vexation in my looks—ſhe embraced me—I wanted to get out of her way—her face reſted on my cheek for a few moments —" you hurt your health, my dear!" ſhe ſaid at laſt, with unſpeakable tenderneſs.—I now began to be aſhamed. I remained ſilent, and at laſt began to weep! " What a " miſerable ſlave to my temper I am! I dare

" not

" not lift up my eyes! I cannot rid myſelf " of the dominion of that ſinful paſſion!" " But, my dear," replied my wife, " conſider " how many days and weeks paſs without " your being overcome by your anger!— " come along with me, we will pray toge- " ther."—She went with me into her cloſet, praying ſo naturally, fervently, and ſo much to the purpoſe, that I thanked God ſincerely for that hour and my wife, being extremely revived by her prayers.

We were interrupted; I went to my ſtudy, ſighed a few moments, tore the ſtained paper to pieces, and threw it away.—It ſtruck me, that the ſkull was alſo ſtained with ink.—It ſhall be my remembrancer.

Thus far I had wrote when Mr. M—— came to ſee me. We converſed on different news and books, ſmoked a pipe, and I forgot myſelf almoſt entirely. The ſervant brought

brought tobacco; I ſcarcely could look at her; the ſight of her pierced my ſoul; and yet I rejoiced ſecretly that I was not alone when I ſaw her the firſt time, after I had given vent to my paſſion; I ſhould not have known what carriage to aſſume. Very fortunately ſhe ſeemed herſelf aſhamed and dejected, as if begging my pardon; this drew a tear from my eye.

My ſpirits revived again when ſhe had left the room, and my friend went away at five o'clock. I ſhould have been glad to have had his company longer, becauſe I was afraid of being left to the reflections on myſelf.—I tried to read a little; and yet my conſcience told me that I ſhould not read now.—Soon after I laid the book aſide, and was going to converſe with God, and with myſelf; however—it would not do—I was obdured like a ſtone.—I ſat down, vexed at myſelf, and

continued

continued my journal thus far: and (alas! why am I ſtill ſo ſtubborn, ſo inflexible, and tearleſs?) I was much leſs aſhamed of my diſgraceful raſhneſs, than I ought to have been; however, I perceive very well, that I amuſe myſelf as much as I can. And I know, nevertheleſs, that I ſhall repeat this ſin, as ſure as I now neglect to poſtpone every thing, though ever ſo innocent and ever ſo good, in order to reflect upon, and to feel the whole force of the abominableneſs of my fault; if I do not endeavour, at preſent, with the greateſt diligence, to lament it ſincerely, and to pray to him who, through Jeſus Chriſt, can take away and repair *all* the bad conſequences of our ſins, to forgive me my tranſgreſſions. O, God! let my heart become ſincere and artleſs; I am more afraid of it than of the moſt inveterate enemy, and the moſt artful traitor. It deceives and blinds

blinds me never more effectually than after I have made a ſlip—Then it impels me to go and to do a good action, to perform ſomething uſeful, to give advice, to write an important letter which was forgotten, to aſſiſt the poor, &c. &c. &c. for no other reaſon but to divert me imperceptibly from myſelf, and from the reflection on my faults.

Whatever good I can do at preſent, is of leſs conſequence than reflecting now in private and ſilently, in the preſence of God, upon myſelf—and endeavouring to adviſe and to aſſiſt myſelf in preference to others. I will therefore dedicate the preſent moments to faithful and exact reflections on the heinouſneſs of the ſin I have committed.

God was preſent when I gave vent to my anger—the moſt holy and meek Saviour has witneſſed

witneſſed the unbecoming and wild eruption of my paſſion; Jeſus Chriſt to whom I have vowed, hundred and thouſand times, to be more upon my guard againſt that paſſion —Jeſus Chriſt who has already forgiven me many premeditated ſins, which were a thouſand times more glaring—Jeſus, who amid the moſt painful ſufferings that could be inflicted upon him, exclaimed: *Father forgive them!* he has witneſſed my uncharitable and ſhameful paſſion and bitterneſs. He ſaw me, although I did not ſee *him*; he has heard my words; the whole diſorder of my abominable incenſed heart was laid open before his flaming eyes. The holy angels too, who are conſtantly reſorting to this earth, and return joyfully to heaven, when they behold the ſincere repentance of a ſinner upon earth —they too have been preſent—Alas! you could not but turn your face from me, ye

friends

friends to virtue, ye heroes in meekneſs and love—and if now you ſhould return to my happy friend with ſorrowful looks, and if he ſhould enquire the reaſon of it—O! how am I covered with ſhame!—O! turn your faces again to a ſinner, who begins to weep, that he has ſinned in the ſight of God and heaven!

And thou, Satan, didſt rejoice when thou ſaweſt me in a paſſion—Horrible idea! to have made heaven weep, and hell rejoice!—I have not acted as a future citizen of heaven—not as a diſciple of Jeſus Chriſt, but as a child of hell, as a follower of Satan!

My ſoul too I have diſordered and ruffled! immortal like herſelf is the impreſſion, the venemous impreſſion which ſin has made upon me, if Jeſus Chriſt blots it not out again, through the power of his omnipotent ſpirit.

Every

Every repetition of a ſin; every repeated eruption of a paſſion, improves the heinous habitude—of ſinning without compunction.

And if I ſhould happen to die, or to be ſurpriſed by death, in ſuch a ſituation of mind, O! my God, make me very ſenſible of the inſufferable horror of that idea—let me ſenſibly feel the ſhame and terror at myſelf, which would ſeize me, if I ſhould be ſummoned before thy moſt holy tribunal; and view, in the bright light of thy preſence, the horrors of my own heart.—And the impreſſion which my anger may have made on the heart of my ſervant (not to mention the ſecret grief which it has cauſed to my tender wife)—how fatal can it be! which is ſo much the more to be feared, as it has been produced by a man, of whoſe probity and virtue

virtue ſhe has no mean idea! How much eaſier will ſhe now ſuffer herſelf to be ruled by ſimilar paſſions!

What renders this accident ſtill more vexatious to me, is the idea: *how good, how excellent my behaviour would have been, if I had remained cool and moderate!*—if I had been prepared for an accident of that kind, and conſidered how eaſily one can commit ſuch a ſlip! if I had aſked myſelf, *how would thy Lord and Maſter have behaved in ſuch a caſe?* or *how wouldſt thou act if his preſence were viſible to thee?* if I had awaited the eaſy anſwer to that queſtion, and really directed my thoughts to this my Lord and Maſter—"O "Lord! imprint the image of thy meekneſs "deeply upon my ſoul! Let thy ſpirit be "active in my heart! beſtow upon me the "moſt precious of all gifts in heaven and "upon earth—thy mind!" If in that ſitua-

tion of mind I had ſtept in my room, and taken care not to do it while I perceived the leaſt uneaſineſs, or inclination to anger, in the remoteſt receſſes of my heart—if then I had ſaid to my ſervant, in a mild accent, "It ſeems you have had a little accident! "Well! well! I do not think it will be of "conſequence, and if you ſhould have da-"maged my papers, I will not ſcold you, "Kitty; I know you did not do it deſign-"edly, and you will be more careful in fu-"ture." O God! how eaſy ſhould I be now! how many vexations could I have avoided! with how much pleaſure would the holy angels—would Jeſus Chriſt have looked upon me! how much ſhould I have been improved by a ſingle victory of that kind! what a ſtrength ſhould I have acquired againſt any future trial! and what an example could I have ſet!

Theſe

Theſe reflections make the deepeſt and moſt efficacious impreſſion upon my heart, and overwhelm me with ſorrow and grief—O God, in whom I live and move, and have my being, keep this idea alive in my ſoul—arm my heart with theſe ſenſations againſt all attacks of temptations, and of my paſſions. I deſerve the additional humiliation ſo vexatious to my vanity—to make a drawing of that fatal ſcene, to put it up as an ever preſent monitor.

* * * * * *

JANUARY the Twenty-fourth.

I AWOKE at ſix o'clock, my mind being ſtill occupied with the idea of the fault I had committed yeſterday; and toſſed myſelf

to and fro in my bed, tormented by uneaſineſs, ſhame, anxiety, and fear of myſelf. I began to weep gently, and a loud groan ſtole from my breaſt; at length I began to pray, and became eaſier and more ſerene. My wife comforted me, praying with me the hymn:

"O Lord how boundleſs is thy mercy!" &c. &c. &c.

I almoſt melted in tears when we came to the words:

"O Saviour that I equalled thee in meekneſs!
"But I confeſs my guilty weakneſs,
"Confeſs that wild unbridled paſſion,
"Stains but too frequently my mind;
"Makes me to every chriſtian virtue, blind."

I took the reſolution to remain the whole morning in private, and to reflect, as much as poſſible, upon myſelf. Having drank tea, I walked up and down the room, and recalled to my mind the image of my crucified Saviour, when

when he exclaimed: "*Father! forgive them*; "*for they know not what they do.*"

I ſat myſelf down, and began to draw a deſign of that ſituation, as well as I could.

Good God! what ſenſations thrilled my ſoul, while I was doing it!—Unutterable pains, the moſt provoking inſults, and a malice never equalled, could not diſturb thy equanimity, thou eternal love in human ſhape! did not animate thee with reſentment! No! with pity! I take hold of thy croſs, and adore thee—Give me thy ſpirit, and I ſhall become thy diſciple! (*i*).

(*i*) The Editor has been obliged to leave out the ſecond part of the obſervations of this day.

* * * * *

JANUARY the Twenty-fifth.

HAVING not much to do to-day, I will make ſome obſervations which may ſerve to improve my virtue, and to produce pious ſentiments in my heart.

I read the twenty-fifth chapter of St. Matthew with ſilent attention, much emotion, and ſincere edification.

I cannot comprehend entirely the parable of the ten virgins; at moſt, the chief purport of it.—What may it mean: *all of them have been aſleep?* the wiſe virgins too—*Go ye rather to them that ſell*—This too I do not comprehend. I know very well that one ought not to lay a particular ſtreſs on every individual part of a parable; however, the wiſdom of our heavenly inſtructor intitles me to expect that every head part of the parable

ble muſt relate to ſomething. Should, perhaps, this parable be a kind of prophecy, the meaning of which will be cleared up either during the completion of it, or afterwards? (*k*).

Watch, therefore, for ye know neither the day, nor the hour, wherein the ſon of man cometh. O God! grant that I always may be ready to appear *before thee*—Stop, O my ſoul! and reflect upon the important words: *before thee*—before thee, my *Father*—*my Creator*—*my*

(*k*) If we look upon this parable as a prophecy of the ſiege and fall of Jeruſalem, and the different behaviour of the Chriſtians and Jews, the former of whom properly may be called *wiſe*, in oppoſition to the latter, the doubts of the Author can eaſily be cleared up. Both parties ſlept; or (which is the ſame) had no idea that the Romans would be able to take a town ſo ſtrongly fortified, and garriſoned with an immenſe number of defenders, far ſuperior to that of the beſiegers; till they were rouſed from their ſecurity by the encreaſing danger.

TRANSLATOR.

Judge, and—*my Redeemer, who only has immortality, dwelling in the light which no man can approach unto; whom no man has ſeen, nor can ſee.*

* * * *

Well done, thou good and faithful ſervant; thou haſt been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord!—How important! how unſpeakably comforting! to be pronounced by *God*, good and faithful! by him whoſe judgment alone is juſt—*faithful over a few things*—procures *dominion over, and poſſeſſion of many things*.—Chriſt will make the faithful ruler over many things! will, conſequently, pronounce him worthy, and capable of taking care of a great part of the concerns of his kingdom in the next world—he ſhall participate of the joy of his Maſter.

Thou wicked and ſlothful ſervant! thou knoweſt

knoweſt that I reaped where I ſowed not, and gather where I have not ſtrewed!—How many men defame the goodneſs of God, and yet are not afraid to bid defiance to a God, and wilfully to tranſgreſs the laws of a God, whom they think to be too hard and rigourous!

* * * * *

Unto every one that has ſhall be given, and he ſhall have abundance; but from him that has not ſhall be taken away, even that which he has.

The truth of this ſentence is implied in the nature of the ſubject. We poſſeſs ſomething only if we make a proper uſe of it; if I make no uſe of the ſmall light which God has given me, it ſoon will extinguiſh entirely. *Non-uſe* is *certain loſs*.

* * * * *

When the ſon of man ſhall come in his glory, and all the holy angels with him, then he ſhall ſit upon

upon the throne of his glory; and before him ſhall be gathered all nations: and he ſhall ſeparate them one from another, as a ſhepherd divideth his ſheep from the goats. If future ſalvation would be deſirable, and future damnation dreadful, for no other reaſon they certainly would be ſo on account of that ſeparation!—What a heaven where there are none but good men! what a hell where there are none but villains! How infinitely muſt this ſeparation and aſſociation multiply the happineſs of the former, and the deſpair of the latter!

* * * * *

Come, ye bleſſed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world!—What a kingdom, the glory of which has been founded from all eternity by the Infinite—and muſt encreaſe, and come to its maturity, by divine inſtitutions, which have

have been carried on through many thouſand years!

I was an hungred, and *ye gave me meat*—Here I cannot reſtrain the ſtarting tear——Jeſus Chriſt! I a poor reptile, can feed thee! Thee, who art the ſource of all nouriſhment, and the fountain of life!—O if I did but believe this; always believe it! what a different ſhape would then my charities aſſume! If a king went about begging, without being known, and I had certain intelligence that I beheld a king before me, how would I treat him, although I ſhould be deſirous, or obliged to conceal my knowledge of his being a king! Alas! I will confeſs that I ſeldom believe, faithfully believe, what Jeſus Chriſt ſays: *Verily, I ſay unto you, inaſmuch as ye have done it unto one of the leaſt of theſe* my *brethren, ye have done it unto me! Verily, I ſay unto you, inaſmuch as ye did it not*

not to one of the leaſt of theſe, ye did it not to me.

The ſole *omiſſion* of charitable deeds cauſes the dreadful ſentence: *Depart from me, ye curſed, into everlaſting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels.* Who will be able to aſſociate with the aſſembly of the enemies to God, truth, virtue, happineſs, and the human race, without being utterly miſerable? O God! have mercy on me! Even thoſe who only have neglected being charitable, *ſhall go into everlaſting puniſhment*; *but the righteous into life eternal. Righteouſneſs*, that is, *loving Chriſt* in *his members*, and *life everlaſting*, are *materially connected* - (*l*).

(*l*) The Editor muſt omit the remainder of this day's journal.

JANUARY

JANUARY the Twenty-ſixth.

I READ the three firſt chapters of St. Mark; and choſe for the ſentiment of this day, the words: *They that are whole have no need of the phyſician, but they that are ſick: I came not to call the righteous, but ſinners to repentance.*

I was occupied all the morning; yet I remained tranquil, and almoſt conſtantly ſerene, ſome little inward emotions excepted.

I diſpatched my dinner, peruſed my *rules*, bluſhed at my negligence, giddineſs, and inconſtancy, and prayed with no ſmall confidence.—I was occupied with writing ſome letters till near four o'clock. I could introduce ſome good ideas, which occurred to my mind, in a very natural manner; I thanked God

God while I was writing, and ſighed to him to make them, by his power, efficacious in the hearts of my friends.—Emotions of vanity were ſeveral times riſing within me; I repelled them with pungent ſhame and ſcornful pride, and conquered them courageouſly, without liſtening to their enchanting voice.

I was quite alone in the evening, and felt ſome inclination to devotion. I began to ſing the hymns:

"How often does thy heart complain," &c. &c. &c.

"When once the trials of this life," &c. &c. &c.

My mind was very much affected, and my ſilent joy roſe by degrees to a real rapture,—One tear of joy followed the other; I became ſo unſpeakably happy, that I ſunk down upon my face, forgetting every thing around me, and feeling only the preſence of God. I was ſenſible of my great weakneſs, my want of merit, my nothing—and, O God! how

how unſpeakably did I perceive thy greatneſs, thou ſource of life!—God, all in all! I prayed with a fervour ſo powerful, penetrating, and confiding in God, with ſuch a humility, devotion, warmth, and joyfulneſs, that I fancied to be tranſlated to a new and better world. Several doctrines and paſſages of the Goſpel made an inutterable impreſſion upon me; but I was particularly ſtruck by the words: *in him we live and move, and have our being.* Here, here where I am praying, the infinite God is preſent! *My Creator* (O, what ſtrong and powerful ſenſations rouſes this word: *Creator*, within my breaſt!) *my Creator* is here—the ſpirit of ſpirits, who lives from eternity to eternity—the creator of all the numberleſs worlds—He who converſed with Moſes and Abraham, and Iſaiah, with St. Paul, and John, the Father of all—He whoſe breath I am—

my

my—my Creator!—O! how many thouſand times have I forgot thee (thou Father in concealment! Omnipreſent! Inviſible!—— My prayers encompaſſed all human-kind—all the inmates of my houſe, friends, fellow-citizens, enemies, all Chriſtians, all the inhabitants of the earth were the objects of it; I penetrated to the moſt diſtant ſeas—into the deepeſt mines—dungeons—I included the whole human race—preſent and future times and nations—infants in their mothers womb—deceaſed—damned—yea—Satan himſelf. I prayed for all to the Infinite, who is preſent every where; prayed with the moſt affectionate love, and with the deepeſt ſenſe of my nothingneſs, ſhedding a ſtream of melting tears of love and joy—I ſupplicated him to have mercy on all in all eternity—— "Thou art love—yes, thou art love—and "thou haſt extended thy mercy to the moſt

"unworthy

" unworthy of all—Father of all! Creator " of all! Love—eternal love! extend ſoon " thy mercy to all!" This, and far more than I can deſcribe, I felt—but then I was alſo repeatedly ſeized with a ſecret dread, and an obſcure apprehenſion, that this happy ſituation of mind would ſoon paſs away, and that I ſhould relapſe again into my former inſenſibility.

This too forced fervent ſighs to God from my boſom, and I beſought him with tears, always to keep me firm in ſentiments, which will enable me to look joyfully back on this hour. I am well aware, that if I ſhould communicate this happy ſituation to any perſon, the firſt word, or the firſt look, of him to whom I ſhould relate it, would not be very propitious to me. That look would, perhaps, accuſe me of fanaticiſm; I know, however, that my heart and underſtanding

are equally far remote from fanaticiſm. Lively ſentiments of truth, or ſentiments which the pureſt and cooleſt reaſon would find conform to truth, although they ſhould not be under our controul, cannot be fanatic or ſuſpected.

It is impoſſible that I ever could be too humble, or too joyful, when contemplating the infinite love of God. Chriſt entertains ſuch ſentiments towards me, he has done for me things ſo infinitely great, that even the moſt fervent adoration, and the moſt fervent reciprocal love, never can be compared with it.—The cooleſt reaſon will always find diſproportions between the love of Chriſt and ours. The chief point is, as far as I can ſee in the preſence of God, that our feelings be founded on truth.

I know the nature of my ſoul, as little as the manner in which the omnipreſent Godhead

head can influence ſpirits. If it be the will of God that I ſhall look upon a ſentiment as his *immediate* work, he certainly will diſtinguiſh it ſufficiently from all ſentiments which may ariſe in a natural way. Suffice it, that every ſentiment conform to truth, which carries me nearer to the connection with God in which Chriſt has placed me, muſt originate in ſome manner or other from God, the ſource of all that is good. He alone is the only author of ſuch ſentiments—and I can never perſuade myſelf, that when I am ſenſible of my weakneſs, of my nothingneſs, the omnipreſence, the all-ſufficiency of God, and the infinite mercy of Chriſt, when I am ſenſible of all this in profound adoration, and amid tears of joy, and ſeem almoſt to be melted by theſe feelings, that this be fanaticiſm, deluſion of fancy, or ſomething blameable. During all the time I am indulging

theſe feelings, I am in a ſituation in which it is impoſſible I ſhould diſpleaſe God. I muſt only take care not to look upon that happy ſituation, as a ſymptom of my being in a ſtate of grace; that is, as a proof of my perſonal and conſtant capacity to be exalted to the heavenly communion with God.—— Although that ſituation ſhould be ever ſo good, ſo ſublime and God-like, yet it would contribute to my condemnation, if it ſhould not make me more virtuous, honeſt, active, and humble in my behaviour, &c. &c. &c. in the ſame degree as a virtuous action does, indeed, not ceaſe being a good deed, although I ſhould again tranſgreſs; but, nevertheleſs, is inſufficient by *itſelf* to promote my *ſalvation*, if not new actions, flowing from the pureſt ſources, conſtantly ſucceed it.

I thank God, with ſincere affection, for the unſpeakable mercy he has to-day granted

to

to me, the moſt unworthy of his ſubjects, and have not the leaſt doubt that this ſenſe, ſo conformable to truth, is his work, ſome how or other; I will pray to him to preſerve it within my heart, as much as the nature of things will allow, and to render it a new ſource of ſublime virtues—And, in order to imprint that ſituation deeper upon my heart, and to have a livelier ſenſe of its contraſt with other thoughtleſs and vicious ſituations, I will deſign a drawing of it, which ſhall be a conſtant remembrancer to me.

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JANUARY the Twenty-ſeventh.

My Birth-Day.

Seven o'Clock in the Morning.

I KNOW that before the Eternal all days are alike; however, we mortals ought to mark out certain days, and dedicate them, in a particular manner, to certain meditations and feelings. The day which reminds us of our birth in ſo natural a manner, deſerves, without doubt, to be celebrated in that moral and chriſtian manner. In that light I have viewed it theſe twelve years. It has had long ago ſomething very animating and ſolemn for me. The farther I advanced in life, the more important and ſolemn it appeared to me. With every return of that day

day I felt, in a more lively manner, the brevity and fleetneſs of my life; with every return I learned to know myſelf better; became more ſenſible of the high degree of my weakneſs and failings, the depth of my moral corruption, and, at the ſame time, of the indiſpenſable neceſſity of attaining a higher degree of ſanctity; and yet—O! what a humiliating and, nevertheleſs, but too true idea—I always remained the ſame to this preſent day, which is my thirty-third birth-day. Thirty-two years of a life, which, at moſt, may laſt ſeventy or eighty years—perhaps may cloſe to-day—Thirty-two years are fled for ever with the preſent day! My life may laſt only a day longer, or be continued to the higheſt degree of eighty years; yet it is certain, but too certain, that more than a third part of it is irrevocably paſt for ever.

And how quick, how almoſt incomprehenſibly quick has it paſt away! Will the days or years, which I yet have to live, paſs away with leſs fleetneſs? Will their duration ſeem longer to me than the ſame number of days and years which I have lived already? —According to my experience and feelings, much quicker and ſhorter—More occupations, relations, and connections, &c. &c. &c. will make my future days appear to me ſhorter and fleeter than thoſe that are paſt. On every journey, in every new ſituation of life, and in every occupation, I have obſerved that the ſecond part ſeemed ſhorter to me than the firſt, and the third ſhorter than the ſecond—All the young people I interrogate about it tell me, unanimouſly, that every year ſeems ſhorter to them than the preceding one.

Two-and-thirty years ſhall I have cloſed with

with this day; two-and-thirty years of a life which has been allotted to me, as well on account of myſelf, as with reſpect to another better and longer life; of a life which is nothing elſe but an apprenticeſhip, a time of education and preparation, the ſeed time for an eternal, endleſs life. Two-and-thirty years which were to be dedicated to thee my Creator, Father, and Redeemer—that is, to my own eternal and true happineſs, and that of my fellow-creatures—are now paſt away—and at laſt I muſt confeſs, voluntarily or not, others may think of me whatever they chuſe; if I will ſpeak the truth, I muſt confeſs with ſhame that, at bottom, I am ſtill the ſame ungodly corrupted being, I am ſenſible I have been in the beginning of my rational life; the ſight of which has made me bluſh ſo often, has forced ſo many bitter tears from my eyes, ſo many, and as I flatter myſelf,

myſelf, ſincere ſighs from my breaſt, and which I have bemoaned and deteſted ſo frequently, and ſo ſtrongly. I will not conceal from myſelf that my character, generally ſpeaking, has evidently improved. My ideas have been enlarged in many branches of knowledge—the exterior of my deportment may, in general, have a more ſerious, ſedate, and wiſe appearance; I will alſo not conceal from myſelf, that within theſe laſt nine or ten years, I have done a great deal of good with a laudable intention, and frequently with humility and ſimplicity, with joy and zeal before God through Jeſus Chriſt.—O God! theſe tears which are flowing down my cheeks, are witneſſes of my adoring gratitude for every good and pious ſenſation which thou haſt worked in me—yet, for all that, I dare not conceal from myſelf, that I am nevertheleſs, at bottom, the

the ſame ſinful, corrupted, and ungodly being; thoſe ſins which ariſe from my temper, weakneſs, lazineſs, ſenſuality, are ſtill in full power, and, at moſt, prevented from breaking out openly by external and human political reaſons. Ambition, vanity, anger, falſe ſhame, and frequently (who would think it) a ſecret *diſhoneſty*, which, however, I am very ſenſible of, and rebellion againſt the voice of my conſcience—have ſtill a very powerful ſway over me.

No! ye do not occupy and animate my ſoul! Days and weeks paſs, while, notwithſtanding all my endeavours to promote the honour of God, and the happineſs of human ſociety—I do not continue for an hour to feel only *ſuch* a real love for God, and my fellow-creatures, as I frequently feel for whole hours and days for my wife, and, at preſent, for my deceaſed friend. I am ſo certain,

certain, and feel it as ſtrongly as ever I can feel any thing in the world, that theſe ſentiments are by far not ruling in my ſoul; and although the whole world ſhould ſay that theſe ſentiments prevail in my ſoul, yet my heart does not tell me ſo. My heart condemns me; and the praiſe of a whole world is nothing to me while my heart condemns me. I alſo ſee, I perceive and know to the higheſt degree of certainty, that a reform of my heart will not be the work of a moment; not of a day, or a week. I am very ſenſible how difficult it is to become maſter of one's paſſions, habits, inclinations, or averſions; in ſhort, *maſter of one's ſelf.*

And yet this is the great taſk I am charged with; and it muſt abſolutely be performed, if my hope of eternal happineſs ſhall not be founded on a ſandy bottom. If I will be Chriſt's, I muſt have crucified the fleſh with the

the affections and luſts. O! my God! my Creator! I beſeech thee, author of my life, my ſoul, and of all my abilities! Father of Jeſus Chriſt, who art alſo my Father—I proſtrate myſelf before thee, beſeeching thee to animate my indolent heart on this important and ever memorable day, that I may watch over myſelf with new zeal, and, aſſiſted by thee, may work my own improvement, and my real and eternal happineſs! Animate my ſoul, that I may love thee, love thee above all things in this world which are dear to me! that I may love nothing but thee, and every thing in thee, and for thy ſake! that I may believe thee more than all men! that I may unite myſelf to thee through Jeſus Chriſt, thy Son, moſt cordially and holy aſſiſted by the power of thy omnipreſent Holy Ghoſt, thou ſole, eternal, and inexhauſtible

hauſtible ſource of light, truth, virtue, and eternal life!

Thou, O moſt merciful being of beings, haſt granted me temporal life without my prayers; ſhouldſt thou be able to refuſe me the life divine, the life of the ſoul, conſiſting in the knowledge of truth, and the practice of virtue—if I pray to thee with the moſt fervent ardour?—But, alas! I have already beſought thee ſo frequently to grant me this prayer, particularly on my birth-day—and yet I am ſtill the ſame!—Alas! all the apartments of my houſe, and particularly this ſpot, where in thy preſence I now am writing down, with trembling and ſhame, my feeble ſenſations witneſs againſt me! how many vows have I made here and there!—and yet, alas! I am ſtill the ſame. To-day I muſt ſtill exclaim and ſigh with agony and ſhame

ſhame, as I have done five, ten, fifteen years ago: *who ſhall deliver me from the body of this death?*

I feel myſelf weaker than ever; I know and am very ſenſible that I cannot ſave myſelf, and yet I muſt be ſaved. Who can ſave me, but thou, O Father of my life? Who can deliver me from the dominion of ſin and death, but thou, through Jeſus Chriſt? O Father, who haſt formed me in my mother's womb, who haſt animated me with thy immortal breath—O my Father, who haſt guided me with unſpeakable love, from the firſt moment of my life till now; dare I doubt that thou wilt grant my prayer, if I implore thee for nothing but *faith* and *love*, for nothing but the Holy Ghoſt.

Alas!

Six o'Clock, P. M.

Alas! the more I reflect upon myſelf, and my life, the more do I perceive how deſtitute I am of the true ſentiments of a Chriſtian! Alas! this day will ſoon be cloſed, and I have not yet been able to commune properly with myſelf—and only a few moments are left me which I can devote to ſerious meditation. O! my God! let not this day paſs away, before I perceive within me a new lively deſire of uniting myſelf truly and firmly with thee; but grant me an animation which exiſts not only in my imagination and my blood, but takes root in my ſoul, and extends to the life everlaſting. O! Father of my life, who giveſt me every breath I draw, give me alſo, through thy omnipreſent ſpirit, the heavenly flame of the new ſpiritual life. Convey me, with thy all-

powerful

powerful hand, into the kingdom of thy beloved ſon, which is not in word, but in power; which is righteouſneſs, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghoſt! What I have felt but yeſterday, is unſpeakable adoration of thy divine majeſty and lovelineſs. That far extending ſenſation of true ſpiritual love, which encompaſſes all mankind, O let it not dart tranſitorily through my ſoul! let it always animate me to great deeds of ſelf-denial and charity! O! Father! my life paſſes away! I perceive it! I thank thee, Father, for this lively, ſalutary ſenſation! This very ſenſation impels me to ſeek thee, and not to neglect to pray to thee for mercy—and really to obtain mercy.

O my omnipreſent God! how I deſire to know thee better, to adore thee better, and to love thee with a more filial affection! how I wiſh to be more eternally happy in thee,

in thee alone! I wiſh I could enter in a heavenly communion with thee, before this day is paſt! Yes, to-day, O Father of mercy! alas! elſe my ſoul will find no reſt.—O that this day might become one day of my ſpiritual regeneration, and the firſt day of a new, quite God-like, and heavenly life! Alas! why can I not renew the humility and the raptures of adoration which I experienced yeſterday! I will, however, pray to thee as well as I can; *unto every one that has ſhall be given.*—O Father! who art above all, and through all, and in us all, who art preſent in thouſand heavens, and in all the numberleſs worlds and ſuns, diſtributing inexhauſtible life and happineſs throughout the whole immenſe creation, bleſſing many millions of angels and ſaints with unſpeakable joys, looking down with mercy upon thouſands of mortals who now are hailing, for the firſt time,

time, the light of this world; ſupporting and relieving with thy omnipotent power, thouſands who now are leaving this world. —Yea who ſetteſt up as a witneſs of thy glory, even the worm creeping on the duſt —Father of all ſpirits! eternal Father of *my* ſpirit! grant me this day a penetrating, enlivening look of thy divine, paternal love! reveal, O reveal thyſelf unto me! let me taſte the ineſtimable happineſs, but let me alſo poſſeſs it as a conſtant property—*to worſhip thee in ſpirit and truth!*

Animate, enliven, cheriſh, and ſtrengthen my faith in thee, and in Jeſus Chriſt whom thou haſt ſent.

Behold! O Lord! I have taken upon me to ſpeak unto thee, who am but duſt and aſhes—O condeſcend to return *an anſwer* to thy creature, the breath of thy mouth, thy child, to a brother of Jeſus Chriſt, for whom

Chriſt has ſacrificed his life, to me, who without thee, am an inanimated corpſe! grant me the ſpirit of wiſdom and revelation, that I may know thee; enlighten the eyes of my underſtanding, that I may know and perceive the greatneſs of my calling, and my deſtination; that I alſo may perceive the love of Chriſt, which ſurpaſſes all underſtanding.

Yes, Father of my life! give me the ſpirit of faith and love—animate me from moment to moment more powerfully, not to relax in the combat of faith, till I have conquered thee by my prayers and tears, like Jacob of old; till I am entirely devoted to thee, and feel myſelf filled with all the fullneſs of God!

O! revive me that I may be powerful and fervent to reſuſcitate others along with myſelf, and to lead them to the ever bliſsful communion

communion with thee; that every one of my future days be rich in God-like deeds, which bring forth fruit of eternal bliſs, through Jeſus Chriſt, my ever bleſſed Saviour, Amen!

Eleven o'Clock at Night.

Now—God be praiſed! I am going to finiſh this day—however, I will not finiſh it before I have offered to thee thankſgivings for my exiſtence, and brought before thee once more the ſincereſt prayer for the ſpirit of faith, and thy faithful paternal love.—— I thank thee for the firſt and greateſt of all thy bleſſings—for my *exiſtence*, which thou haſt given me through Jeſus Chriſt, which thou haſt preſerved to this day, and haſt promiſed to preſerve for ever, as long as thou thyſelf ſhalt exiſt!

O! Father! give thy bleſſing, that I may

enjoy my exiſtence for ever in thy communion! O! there are moments when I feel with tears of gladneſs the bleſſings of my exiſtence; O! that this happy ſenſation might be for ever preſent and active in my mind! O! Father! this too is in thy power! open my heart for this and other good ſentiments. Lead me always through thy truth to virtue, and through virtue to eternal happineſs. Let me never forget that I exiſt through thee, in order to be happy with thee for ever, through Jeſus Chriſt. Amen!

I now will go to bed, and raiſe my heart to thee ſome moments longer! Have mercy upon me, and give me the ſpirit of faith and love, through Jeſus Chriſt. Amen!

* * * * *

JANUARY

JANUARY the Twenty-eighth.

MUCH buſineſs! much mercy!—I have hardly time to write my journal; yet I will write down at leaſt a few words.—Letters to Mr. M*** and O***—ten rix dollars for hymn books— ſealed up, and ſent away.

The godſon of my deceaſed friend—of the choice of a profeſſion, &c. &c. &c.

After dinner a viſit from Mrs. *** (I promiſed to recommend her, and wrote inſtantly a note for that purpoſe), afterwards from Mr. ***, who returned me ten rix dollars which I had lent him, and forgot. I wanted to make him a preſent of the money; but he refuſed to accept it; "I could make a "better uſe of it!" I was tempted to keep the ten dollars, becauſe I had laid out that

ſum to day. I bluſhed. It was as if a miſt were riſing up before my eyes. Lord Jeſus Chriſt! preſerve me againſt avarice.

I heſitated not long! I had no reſt till they were diſpoſed of.—God be praiſed! O! forgive me!

I prayed; and then ſang a few hymns with my wife; ate a little too haſty and too much at ſupper.

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JANUARY the Twenty-ninth.

I ROSE at length with more reluctance than I ought to have done. However, I rouſed myſelf and prayed; but, alas! not quite without oppoſition from my heart; yet I trembled

I trembled at it, and began to combat it. I ſucceeded, and tears flowed from my eyes —tears at my averſion from prayer—from prayer? O, my Creator! who has poiſoned the work of thy hands? Who has inſpired it with averſion from thee, amiable Love!

I read to my wife the twenty-ſixth chapter of St. Matthew; and choſe for a ſentiment for this day, the words: *Watch and pray that ye enter not into temptation; the ſpirit indeed is willing, but the fleſh is weak.—Watch.* I muſt not be indolent and drowſy. The ſleep of indolence prevents from praying, and plunges into temptation. I ought to be watchful in every reſpect, and look about me, that no enemy approach me, no angel of Satan in the ſhape of an angel of light.

On a former reading of this chapter, I have made ſome obſervations which, being at leiſure for half an hour, I will write down,

down, and thus imprint indelibly in my heart.—v. 13. *Verily I ſay unto you, whereſoever this Goſpel ſhall be preached in the whole world, there ſhall alſo this that this woman has done, be told for a memorial of her.*—How many pious ſentiments, how many chriſtian deeds, and how much love may this example of tenderneſs have occaſioned, in thinking and feeling minds, during theſe ſeventeen hundred years. What a reward to that pious woman, that, by the order of Jeſus Chriſt, her deed was recorded and made known every where. How much bleſſing will ſhe reap from it on the day of judgment! Should it be an improper wiſh, that my memory might be bleſſed in a ſimilar manner after my death?

This paſſage appears alſo to me a very deciding proof, that it was the earneſt deſire of Jeſus Chriſt, that the moſt remarkable incidents

cidents of his hiſtory ſhould be made known to poſterity, and ſet down in writing, becauſe written accounts are the ſafeſt, and moſt poſitive. Nay, it appears partly from theſe words of Jeſus Chriſt, that he has atteſted in a particular manner thoſe incidents which were to be recorded for the benefit of poſterity, that he, at leaſt, after his reſurrection, will have reminded his diſciples of them in a particular manner, and afterwards imprinted them more ſtrongly on their memory through his Holy Ghoſt, and aſſiſted them in writing them down more diſtinctly than others.

Moreover is it not remarkable, that the faſt ſermons almoſt every where in chriſtian countries, generally begin with the hiſtory of the unction of Jeſus Chriſt, and of courſe the words of Jeſus Chriſt: *Verily I ſay unto you, whereſoever this Goſpel ſhall be preached in the*

the whole world, there ſhall alſo this that this woman has done be told for a memorial of her, are fulfilled in their fulleſt ſenſe (*n*).

* * * * *

Woe unto that man by whom the ſon of man is betrayed; it had been good for that man if he had not been born.—Dreadful ſentence on the unhappy traitor—and alſo on me, if I ſuffer thy enemies to vilify thy doctrine, thy goſpel; if I crucify thee, as one may ſay, a ſecond time, by premeditated ſins, which induce others to degrade and to diſhonour thy name!—O! give me the ſpirit of ſincerity, my faithful Redeemer, in order that no

(*n*) Here the Author certainly has been miſled by his glowing fancy, which however does honour to his pious diſpoſition.

T.

paſſion

paſſion prevail upon me to commit the leaſt treachery againſt thee!

* * * * *

Then did they ſpit in his face, and buffetted him, and others ſmōte him with the palms of their hands. Matt. xxvi. v. 67. This is inconteſtable truth, O my ſoul! He who now is ſitting on the right hand of God; he whom all the holy angels adore; he who could ſay: *Behold, at my rebuke, I dry up the ſea, I make the rivers a wilderneſs; I clothe the heavens with blackneſs, and make ſackcloth their covering* (o), fulfills the words of an ancient prophecy: *I gave my back to the ſmiters, and my cheeks to them that plucked off the hair; I hid not my face from ſhame and ſpitting.*

(o) Iſaiah l.

He

He, whoſe name is unutterable, ſuffered himſelf to be ill treated in the moſt ſhameful, agonizing, and diſguſting manner, by the meaneſt wretches, and he was ſilent; no ray of his omnipotence ſtruck his creatures dead. *He concealed the power which created worlds.*

What feelings, what combinations of feelings, ſuffice to adore in a proper manner the greatneſs of that divine virtue?—I ſhould be writing whole days and nights if I were to commit to paper all my feelings (and how weak, how unadequate are they if compared with what they ought to be!) which this ſcene has procreated within me!—Jeſus Chriſt! Lord Jeſus Chriſt! let my mind be raiſed in adoration to thee; let me be ſenſible of thy preſence when any thing in the world ſhall offer to excite my anger, and to ſtir up my paſſions!—What an excellent and ſimple

commentary

commentary on the command: *I ſay unto you, that ye reſiſt not evil; but whoſoever ſhall ſmite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other alſo.*—How mean, how alienated from the ſenſe of true greatneſs do all theſe appear to me who can diſpute, after the length and the breadth, our duty to interpret this commandment literally!——But how mean muſt I appear to myſelf, when I conſider that I am of that opinion, and yet—O Jeſus Chriſt! how am I covered with ſhame!—am ſo angry, ſo enraged, and ſo inclined to revenge, when the ſmalleſt offence, an act of imprudence or heedleſſneſs, has been committed againſt me

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Three o'Clock, Afternoon.

It came into my mind to read once more,

The

The Sentiments of a Chriſtian (*p*). I read this book, without making a ſtop, from the dedication to the Rev. Mr. Sack to the end. What may be the reaſon that it now and then *affected* me ſo little? How frequently, thought I, is *imagination* miſtaken for feeling! Imagination, which, perhaps, has no other merit but that of combining faſhionable words, and pictures of the times, with a few new ideas and half ſentences! —This made me tremble at the author, or rather at human nature. *If theſe things are done in a green tree*, what ſhall be done in the dry?———Do not confide too much in thyſelf, my heart! Beware of pride; tremble at thy danger. *Watch and pray*— ſays the ſentiment I have choſen this day:

(*p*) A performance of the celebrated Wieland. T.

that

that thou entereſt not into temptation.—Let him that thinketh he ſtandeth, take heed leſt he fall!

Twelve years ago this celebrated author wrote: "The greateſt of theſe favourites of "nature has ſtept out of the career ap- "pointed to him, ſeduced by external cir- "cumſtances or paſſions, and an innate in- "clination to exceſſes, and has laviſhed his "genius, his enthuſiaſm, and the tenderneſs "of his feelings, intruſted to him for the at- "tainment of great ends, on undeſerving ob- "jects, yea on chimeras. I am not ſpeaking "here only of *thoſe miſerable wretches, who miſ- "pend their ſhameleſs wit in celebrating the coarſeſt "and moſt infamous luſts*, and thus acquire a "fame, on account of which even Satan him- "ſelf will not envy them. I am chiefly ſpeak- "ing of the *more refined* exceſſes of great "poets, who have exerted their genius to

" the higheſt degree, in order to deify un-
" worthy kings, or blooming damſels; who
" have exerted all their power, in order to
" intereſt our hearts for immoral heroes;
" who, with a mean complacency, have de-
" meaned themſelves to celebrate faſhion-
" able prejudices, and to exalt as great trea-
" ſures, and far above their intrinſic value,
" power, wealth, beauty, and whatever has
" a gloſſy outſide, to place theſe things in a
" falſe light, &c. &c. &c. *Pindar* deſerves
" to be excuſed for having employed, from
" regard for the religion of his country, his
" great genius in beautifying the mytholo-
" gy (*q*); and, by doing ſo, he puts to the bluſh

(*q*) And our—Author, a Chriſtian, exerts all his wit to paint and to celebrate what would make bluſh Pindar, the *Heathen*.

L.

" many

" many poets living among Chriſtians, who " have not been tempted by the true, far " more ſublime, and intereſting revelation " of God, to attempt what Pindar has done " with reſpect to the traditions of the appa- " ritions of God, and the feats of the demi- " gods."

Twelve years ago, the ſame celebrated author wrote : " *How little can a great genius* " *ſhow himſelf in his proper light, if there is no* " *proportion between his mental powers and his* " *ſubject!* What therefore ſhall we think " of the numerous flocks of Anacreontic " bards, who, ever ſince a great wit has " made a but too ſucceſsful beginning, " ſtrive to proceed in the ſame ſtrain, and, " although their performances are far infe- " rior, in point of beauty, to their original, " yet ſurpaſs it greatly in wantonneſs and " imprudence? What ſhall we think of thoſe

" authors who rival la Fontaine in point of
" licentiouſneſs; of thoſe fanatic adorers of
" Bacchus and Venus, whom one, if judg-
" ing from their fervent devotion, with which
" they adore and celebrate the miſerable
" idols, ſhould think to be a band of *Epi-*
" *curean Heathens*, who are leagued to ridi-
" cule whatever is ſacred and ſublime, and
" to extirpate entirely the few religious feel-
" ings which are lying dormant in the heart
" of heedleſs youth."

Twelve years ago, the author of *The Senti-*
ments of a Chriſtian, of whom religion and vir-
tue ſo juſtly entertained great expectations,
wrote: " O! how long ſhall we tamely ſuf-
" fer ſuch nonſenſe to creep about among
" Chriſtians? Nay, what is ſtill more abo-
" minable, that it be publickly taught and
" defended amongſt them? Or is it pardon-
" able to be indulgent to theſe preachers of
" lewdneſs

" lewdneſs and wickedneſs, becauſe they
" are witty? In my opinion, every body who
" does not think it an honour to be indif-
" ferent to religion, ought to prefer a thou-
" ſand times the worſt ancient and modern
" church hymns to the moſt charming ſong
" of Utz."

And now this rigid cenſor of illicentiouſ-neſs writes *Agathons*, *Comic Tales*, *Muſarions*, &c. &c. &c.——O that I could know the ſecret turn of his ſoul, and learn, by the fall of great genius, to ſtand without falling my-ſelf.—O God! who art *his* and *my* creator! thou canſt not diſapprove it, if I bend my face before thee for one who is a mortal, and deſtined for immortality like myſelf, and pray to thee, with ſilent ſighs, to have *mercy* on a ſoul which has alienated itſelf from thee, and which reminds me not to wander from thee.—*Father! nothing is impoſ-*

ſible with thee! thou canſt reclaim that man who once could ſay: "I call to witneſs the "ſtars, and the immortal ſpirits, and ſay: "*If ever I alienate myſelf from thee, who haſt* "*created me a rational and immortal being, if* "*ever I ceaſe to obey thee cheerfully, then, ye* "*ſtars! conceal your face from me, and ye ſera-* "*phim! pronounce my heavenly name no more!*"

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The preſent day was, thank God! one of the beſt of this month! How tranquil, how ſerene do I now lay down my pen and my body before thee, O! my God, and Father!

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JANUARY the Thirtieth.

I AROSE in good time; prayed with ſincere devotion; and read with pleaſure—my *rules*, and the twenty-ſeventh chapter of St. Matthew.—Dreadful were the ſufferings which the Lamb of God bore with divine patience, meekneſs, and love! How little attention do we pay to them! how little time do we dedicate to the contemplation of the croſs of Jeſus Chriſt! There we ought to learn, amongſt many other things, to brook and to ſcorn deriſion. This is indeed the moſt difficult ſacrifice which my ambition ever can offer; however, I cannot refuſe it to him *who did not open his lips!*

I choſe to-day, for a ſubject of my ſerious meditations, the impenetrable words: *My God! my God! why haſt thou forſaken me?*

I now began to work; wrote letters to N***, and to my brother; G. H. L. M. P. came to beg me to give him a letter of recommendation—I ſaid, " I rather would " give money," and, indeed, ſo it is; it is very diſagreeable to direct letters of recommendation to people, who are not ſo generous either to make ſome allowance, or to be charitable without recommendation. I pitied the honeſt man. I was more firmly convinced of his honeſty than I could expect, or promiſe to convince any body elſe. Why then did ſuch a ſtruggle ariſe in my breaſt? Such a ſecret ſtrife to conceal from myſelf, that I could and ought to aſſiſt him myſelf? I had indeed not ſufficient money to do it immediately; however, different means which would make it eaſier and poſſible came to my mind, nay, even forced themſelves upon me.—Books, trinkets, plate;

things which during the whole year I never made uſe of, or at moſt only once, and then without any reaſonable view.—How many things had I, therefore, by the ſale of which I could extricate the honeſt man from his great difficulty!—if I were only *inclined to do it!!* Thus I ſuddenly thought by myſelf, and God worked in me both to will and to do; "*Come again to-morrow; you ſhall find aſſiſt-*" *ance!*" O! how happy I was when I had pronounced theſe words! I was certainly happier than the honeſt man when he left me, how great ſoever his ſatisfaction ſeemed to be.—I took all my money; changed ſome old dollars, in order to make up the whole ſum; put the money in a paper, and ſent it without delay to the place of its deſtination.

I read

Seven o'Clock in the Evening.

I read *Baſedow's Addreſs to the Friends of Mankind*. A great and uſeful idea! I admire the man! How honeſt, how wiſe, how active, how bold and enterpriſing! It is true his theology pleaſes me not quite, although I have derived from it many important inſtructions, and moſt inſtructing hints. I cannot help loving that man; he inveſtigates acutely; he thinks for himſelf, and is no blind follower of others, as ſo many are; he errs!—ſo I think—however, he is a mortal like myſelf, although more learned and virtuous than I am.—God bleſs him! and guide his ſoul to the ſanctuary of *truth*; my ſoul too, guide, O my God! to truth through thy word and ſpirit—His great plan may ſucceed or miſcarry, yet the bare idea of undertaking a matter of ſuch importance

portance deſerves a monument. But what will a monument benefit him?—Bleſs thou him, beſt of Fathers, and pave through him a more open and beaten path for better knowledge and truth.——After ſupper we ſang a few evening hymns at the harpſichord.

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JANUARY the Thirty-firſt.

I ROSE again later than I ought to have done; prayed with little attention till the thought ſtruck me, that it was *the laſt day* of the month, I read the *rules*, and the laſt chapter of St. Matthew; chuſing for a ſentiment for this day the words; *Go ye there-*

fore

fore and teach all nations; teaching them to observe all things. Whatsoever I have commanded you, and lo! I am with you already, even unto the end of the world.

These words of Christ are the simple key to all moral and religious laws of our Saviour: *all* nations should become *disciples* of Jesus Christ; *all* should keep *all* what the Lord has commanded his apostles, &c. &c. &c. - -

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Five o'Clock, Afternoon.

O! Is then also the last day of this first month arrived? I will in this still evening-hour sum up the moral accounts of my heart, and peruse my journal from the first day of this year to the present hour.

O!

After Six o'Clock.

O! my God! how much has happened within this month!—My friend! my friend!—I have loſt thee, and half and whole days are paſt, without my—is it poſſible?—having thought a little, or at all of him?—I bluſh at myſelf—I have reaſon to wiſh, that the deceaſed may know nothing of it—becauſe I was capable of forgetting him—for whole days, ſo frequently, and ſo ſoon.

Indeed I do not know where I ſhall begin to accuſe and to reproach myſelf!

How dreadfully inconſtant and inconſiderate have I been! how ſhamefully unlike myſelf!

How many good, excellent, and ſweet hours!—But, O God! how many have I miſpent, in an indolent, thoughtleſs manner, with talking, gaping, trifling, and ſleeping!

ſleeping! And my drawings!—how can I look at them? how compare them with each other? A powerful warning! O that I always might liſten to it! No! nothing can humble my heart more, than this lamentable inconſtancy!

Here, on my knees—yonder, ſnoring in my bed, when I ought to have been awake, praying and working.

Here, by the death-bed of an excellent friend—yonder, an idle hour under the hands of the hair-dreſſer—before the looking-glaſs—at a dinner—in the ſledge.

Here, at the coffin of a deceaſed friend, pronouncing ſacred vows—Yonder, angry at a trifle, *inſane* I ſhould ſay—V. A. T. H. D. G.—No! I will write it plainly without ciphers, that I may eaſily notice it in running over my journal—BEAST!—ſo I have called a fellow-creature, a fellow-chriſtian! how

how abominable does it appear to myſelf now!—The tongue with which I have prayed at the death-bed, at the coffin, when going to reſt, and riſing—that very tongue has called a fellow-creature, made after the image of God, a BEAST! I am afraid of myſelf; I dare not open my lips, not lift up my eyes!

It is true I have during this month learnt, taught, and done much good; have been bleſſed with many pious, ſincere, humane ſentiments, and diſplayed them in an artleſs manner! I have inſerted almoſt all of them; but not all thoſe of which I ought to be aſhamed before God, and my conſcience.

Many a thought of which perhaps my moſt inveterate enemy would not ſuſpect me, has darted through my ſoul; it is true, I abominated them very ſoon—but, nevertheleſs,

heleſs, they make me ſenſible with terror, how impure and muddy the bottom of my heart ſtill is.

My *rules?*—Alas how ſeldom have I peruſed them, and taken in conſideration, as I had determined to do! How readily did I forget them! How many a time did I fling back, and endeavoured to find pretexts when it was neceſſary to take them into conſideration, as I ought to have done.

How ſeldom did I mark, at the cloſe of the day, the number of thoſe which I had not performed carefully! How much more frequently could I, particularly in the day time, have prayed and communicated confidently with God!

Works of love and charity;—It is true I have performed ſome—and more than formerly in two months—however, I ought to have performed ſome of them with a better

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and purer heart—I ought, in general, to have done a greater number. I could have performed it. Perhaps I have performed more than other people who are thought generous; I have, however, certainly not performed ſo many as I ought to have done, and was able to do.

To my wife I behaved with tenderneſs; yet I could have been—God knows how much—more uſeful to her. I do not know why I have ſo rarely converſed with her, who liſtens ſo eagerly to every good word, on our mutual important concerns. I fear a ſinful *commodiouſneſs* has been the reaſon of it.

I think, in general, that I am not yet on a truly chriſtian footing with my wife. There were hours when I, or rather when *ſhe* was; —however, that true intimacy, that mutual concern for one and the ſame great object, is not yet ſufficiently eaſy and natural to us.

The duty—but this word, if addreſſed by a friend to his moſt intimate confidant, is too hard—the pleaſure of inſtructing and enlightening her, of clearing up, of combining, and giving her ideas a certain ſelf-conſiſtent ſtability, appears to me not rarely too troubleſome—curſed indolence! muſt I repeat again—and not leſs curſed *fondneſs for diverſions:* ye, ye are the foes of my virtue, and my peace of mind.

But what do I call *diverſion?*—Whatever makes me loſe ſight of, or obſcures the end of my exiſtence and life; whatever prevents me from acting, ſpeaking, and thinking, in a manner conſonant with my deſtination, and from performing the firſt and moſt indiſpenſable duties. The *moſt ſerious* matters, perhaps, may become diverſions for me, and thoſe which *appear* moſt indifferent are, perhaps, not ſo. O, my heart! be honeſt in

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ſingling out whatever makes me loſe ſight of the great end for which thou art deſigned.

Learn to direct towards that end, and to uſe conformable to it, the moſt common and indifferent things, and even what concerns only thy body, or thy external proſperity; at the ſame time do not ſuffer the reading of the moſt ſerious books, nor the moſt virtuous deeds, to make thee loſe ſight of it, or to interrupt thy attention to *thyſelf*; for *then only*, and only while thou art obſerving thyſelf, and the turn of thy ideas and feelings, while thou art ſenſible of thy deſtiny, only while thou art communicating with, and paying attention to thyſelf, only then thou wilt be able to pay a ſincere and fixed regard to the great end of thy exiſtence.—O, my heart! I know thou wilt underſtand this language, if thou art inclined to do it—do not think of objections, but how thou wilt obey!

O Lord! keep my ſpirit in proper bounds; let my deſires be ſubject to reaſon, and all my actions to my conſcience, enlightened by thy word and ſpirit! Thy omnipreſent providence repreſent to mine eyes every day clearly, and from all ſides, the great truth: that I have been placed in this world, not merely on my own account, but rather for the ſake of others, and for the voluntary performance of thy will; that I, neither in a leſſer nor a higher degree belong to myſelf, but that I am entirely and ſolely *thy* property; that all my abilities, all my property, my fortune, and every moment of my time, belong to *thee*, that I can be at eaſe and happy in the world hereafter, only through thee, with thee, and in thee. While thou art the author of my life, and I am thy creature, it will ever be the unalterable nature of things, that I cannot be content and happy but through thee, and in thee.

But

After Supper, Ten o'Clock.

But I muſt not forget, O my faithful God! to recall to my mind in a lively manner, before I go to reſt the laſt time in this month, all the important and particular favours which thou haſt ſhewn me in the courſe of this firſt month of the year, and to give vent to ſentiments of joy and gratitude.

On running over my journal, I find, beſides numberleſs general benefactions, which I owe to thy paternal mercy and goodneſs, every day particular and diſtinguiſhing proofs of thy indefatigable and tender mercy. How many admonitions! how many feelings! how many opportunities of doing good actions! how many inſtructions, ſo particularly uſeful and neceſſary to me!—how much forbearance with regard to my tranſgreſſions! how much light and encouragement, in particular

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ſituations and temptations, have I found in thy word! how many opportunities of getting a better knowledge of myſelf! how many improvements in the knowledge of religion! and thou, death-bed of my deceaſed friend! how beneficial haſt thou proved to me—what a durable advantage for my heart—if it will make a proper uſe of thee! even my faults and errors haſt thou rendered beneficial to me.

Satan, or myſelf, frequently thought evil againſt me; but thou haſt turned it into good. How ſalutary were, under the guidance of thy grace, the mortifications, the reflections, prayers, and tears, which my errors gave riſe to—And what excellent ſentiments haſt thou revived within me but a few days ſince! - -

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Thanks, ſincere thanks to thee for this and all other evident and ineſtimable favours

which

which thou haſt beſtowed upon me, and extended to my family, and my friends!—Thou doeſt exceeding abundantly above all what we aſk, or think.

O! grant me the bleſſing that I may forget thy benefactions as little as my own exiſtence; that my heart may be drawn more powerfully towards thee; that my confidence and my rejoicing in thee, may acquire, from day to day, more firmneſs, activity, and dominion over me!—I cannot lay myſelf down to reſt, till I feel renewed and lively in my heart, the reſolution to devote the following month more faithfully to thee; to penetrate deeper into the communion with thee; to watch more carefully over myſelf; to exerciſe myſelf with more ſincerity in the moſt manly ſelf-denial; to become more ſenſible of my mortality and immortality; to keep more firmly and ſincerely to the Goſpel, and

to

to weigh every thing on the balance of Revelation and Death, as this ſkull, which is ſtanding on the table, reminds me now.—Yes! henceforward—henceforward—(I vow it to thee, my omnipreſent, inviſible Father, in this ſilent hour of wiſe and tranquil meditation) henceforward I will endeavour to exerciſe myſelf daily, to weigh all my actions, words, thoughts, and wiſhes on the balance of *Scripture* and *Death.* Thou who heareſt my vows, hear alſo my ſincere wiſhes to fulfil them!

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.